The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* November *will be noticed in the* December *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th December *in the* January *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that representatives of the Society of Authors have had an interview with representatives of the Publishers' Association, and that so far the result was considered satisfactory, though no actual steps have been taken.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written some new short tales for children, which, we hear, bid fair to be as popular with little people as anything in either of the Jungle Books. They will be published under the general title of "The Just So Stories."

We understand that Mr. Kipling declined payment from the *Times* for his poems "Our Lady of the Snows," and "The Recessional." His reason was that he would not take payment for patriotic poems. He sent to the *Times* after the appearance of "The Recessional" a poem entitled "The Destroyers," which described the action of torpedoes. For this he would have accepted the usual honorarium, but the editor of the *Times* considered that it would clash with the fine and stately piece of verse which had gone before it, and it was not accepted.

We hear that the new novel which Sir Walter Besant has just completed is to be called "The Changeling."

Mr. H. S. Merriman has now completed the MS. of "Roden's Corner," the new novel which is to be published in *Harper's Magazine* next year.

In "Certain Personal Matters" Mr. H. G. Wells has collected in volume form a number of the early contributions to the press which first brought him into notice. Mr. Wells for some time declined the proposals for their republication; but, finding that the articles were being pirated by a rising young American essayist who paid them the compliment of adoption, Mr. Wells was induced to re-issue them himself and prevent further mistake as to their authorship. Although dealing with varied themes, they represent collectively a certain attitude to life, and are of interest apart from the amusement their humour will afford.

A well-known American paper has a pretty trick which is perhaps worth explaining to British authors. Whenever an author leaps into fame this paper immediately secures from him a promise of an important contribution, and offers very high terms. Whenever the author has accepted, the American newspapers are filled with advertisements of the forthcoming article with illustrations. When the article comes the editor writes finding fault with it and suggesting alterations. The author objects, and asks that his manuscript should be sent back. It is then sent back with many regrets. It will be seen that the paper has had the full advantage of the advertisement. There may be, however, some danger of American readers finding out just how the thing is managed.

"The Adventures of Captain Kettle," which Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne is writing for *Pearson's Magazine*, will be published in book form presently by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. Mr. Hyne also has on the stocks a long novel of adventures by sea and land. Mr. Hyne's knowledge of steamers and seamanship is more than an amateur's smattering evidently, as we understand that he has recently been offered the control of a new line of steamers which is to start from Liverpool next year.

Mr. Neil Munro, who has commenced a new story in the November *Blackwood*, has retired from his connection with the Glasgow *Evening News*, and is to devote himself entirely to fiction. He has arranged to write the serial story in *Good Words* for 1898.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "The Second Jungle Book" is being translated into German.

Mr. Bertram Mitford, who has been travelling in South Africa and N.W. India, is now on his way home from Baluchistan.

Mr. Guy Boothby is leaving town at the end of the month for Gibraltar, en route for Egypt. Mr. Boothby will return home in the early spring, *via* Naples, Rome, Florence, Venice, and Paris.

Mr. Robert Barr has just left town on his way to Algeria. Mr. Barr's new novel, "The Countess Teckla," will run serially through the columns of the *People*.

Mr. Gerald Duckworth, who was for some time connected with Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., is to start at an early date publishing on his own account.

The first number of Mr. Hooley's paper, *Stories*, will contain an article of some two pages by Sir Walter Besant.

Mr. Arthur Morrison has agreed to write some short stories for Messrs. Tillotson and Sons' Syndicate, similar in general character to his "Tales of Mean Streets."

Mr. Charles Lee, author of "The Widow Woman," is at work upon a long novel which will run serially in the *Leisure Hour*, after which it will be published by Mr. Bowden.

Mrs. Tweedale, who is the daughter of the late Robert Chambers and sister of the present head of the Edinburgh firm, has finished a new novel, which will be published in a few days under the title "What Shall it Profit a Man." Mrs. Tweedale's first book, "And They Two," excited considerable attention when it appeared on account of its originality.

Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban is devoting his time to a boy's book of adventure, a department in which he has already gained some distinction.

The series of stories on Robin Hood and his Merry Men which Mr. Barry Pain is contributing to the *English Illustrated Magazine* are to be published in book form by Messrs. Harpers, with illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane.

Mr. John Lane will publish shortly a new volume of poems by Mr. Stephen Phillips, author of "Christ in Hades."

The proprietors of the *Revue de Paris* are printing translations of some of Ian Maclaren's most characteristic stories from "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

Mr. Harry Lindsay, the first edition of whose "Methodist Idylls" was sold out before publication, has finished a new novel, "The Jacobite," which is, as its title implies, an historical romance. This will be the third serial which Mr. Lindsay, who is a schoolmaster at the Wesleyan School, Blaenavon, Monmouth, has written for the *Courier*.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking is writing a series of papers dealing with scenes of early Methodism in Cornwall. The time will be a hundred years back, and Mr. Hocking will seek to picture the Methodist life of the time from the romantic standpoint.

Miss Mabel Wotton has ready for publication a new novel dealing with stage life, and entitled "Golden Opinions."

Mr. John J. Wood's "Chronicles of Mr. Pottersby," which have been running serially in *To-day*, will, after they have been revised and enlarged by the author, be published in book form by Mr. Bowden.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, whose last novel, "Lying Prophets," was so favourably received, is the grandson of the famous Bishop Phillpotts.

A new story, entitled "Lost Man's Lane," has been completed by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leavenworth Case," "That Affair Next Door," etc. The story will be published in book form in the United States and Great Britain by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The rights for its publication as a serial in the United States and Canada have been secured by the American Press Association. Arrangements are in train for its serial publication also in Great Britain and on the Continent.

The first number of *Literature* has appeared, and contains a good article, evidently by Mr. Andrew Lang, on Mrs. Oliphant's history of the Blackwood House. We do not wish to criticise further a first number of what we trust will grow into a paper worthy of its name and of its publishers.

We are glad to hear that Mr. W. B. Blaikie, whose admirable work as the head of the firm of Messrs. Constable, and as the author of the "Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart in 1745-46," has started seriously to write a complete history of the Rebellion. The work could not be in more competent hands.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, is having a considerable success in America, 4,000 having been sold of his last book of verses. He is to follow it by a novel just completed "The Uncalled," which deals with life in an Ohio country town. We are glad to hear that Mr. Dunbar has been appointed to a position in the Congressional library.

Mr. Zangwill has contributed to an American paper the following verses entitled "To the Blessed Christ":—

> "O blessèd Christ, that foundest death
>   When life was fire and tears,
> Not drawing on a sluggish breath
>   Through apathetic years.
>
> Still, still about thy forehead gleams
>   The light we know Thee by.
> O blessèd Christ, to die for dreams,
>   Nor know that dreams would die."

Mark Twain's friends in America are doing their best to further the sale of his books so that his liabilities, a heavy burden of debt which has been overwhelming him, may be removed. The McClures are to publish some chapters from his diary. A number of volumes are yet to be printed by the Harpers in the trade edition of his works, and the new book "Following the Equator," which was first announced as "The Surviving Innocent Abroad," and then as "More Tramps Abroad," will be issued by the American Publishing Company, of Hartford, in November. The edition will be a large one, and his publishers predict a large sale for them. Following the publication of the new book will appear a complete uniform subscription edition of his works. Mr. Clemens himself is now in Vienna, where it is said he will stay for a year and write a new story.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

SEPTEMBER 20TH TO OCTOBER 23RD, 1897.

The autumn season is certainly a good one, and the same may be said of the prospect of the winter campaign. A good deal, but not all, depends on the weather. What is wanted is foggy or wet evenings, such as drive the reader indoors to a comfortable fireside, at once the delight of the booklover and the friend of the bookseller. Business with the colonies and foreign parts generally is fairly satisfactory, although the wholesale bookseller will not be thoroughly happy until this branch of the trade is wholly in his hands, a contingency which is more remote each year.

At the risk of repetition the fact must be recorded that the 6s. novel still reigns supreme. In all directions are evidences of the favour with which this form of issuing original fiction is regarded by publisher, bookseller, and reader. "The Christian" and "St. Ives" are the favourites of the moment. The great success of "On the Face of the Waters" has brought into existence several works founded upon incidents of the Indian Mutiny. It is astonishing to find how keen the interest still is in stories of that sad time. The advent of Trafalgar Day and its celebration brought a considerable demand for "Nelson" literature, by the attention thus directed to the subject. Tennyson's Life by his son has sold remarkably well, especially when one considers the price (36s. net).

Sir Walter Scott's novels seem to be increasing in popularity. Mr. J. C. Nimmo's re-issue of the Border edition in 3s. 6d. volumes is a marvellous production, and deservedly a favourite this season.

There has been considerable enquiry for the 3s. 6d. issue of Dr. Smiles's works. Twelve of the volumes will appear immediately, and large orders are being booked already.

At the present moment there is no single book which can be classed as the success of the season. But it is early yet for such a fact to be evident.

Among juvenile books, a large quantity of fairy tales have been issued. The earth appears to have been ransacked for them, the scope of their native lands ranging from Iceland to Australia—a pretty wide sweep. Blackie and Son's 6s. and 5s. boys' books by such writers as Fenn and Henty are having a grand sale. The titles selected for these books are splendid and unique.

Rudyard Kipling is as great a favourite as ever. His "Captains Courageous" has been well received, a large issue being sold out at once. A limited edition of his works in twelve volumes, price £6 6s. net, is to be published. All the copies are sold; and some have been re-sold at from forty to fifty per cent. premium.

The issue of new books and new editions is greater than ever, fifty, sixty, and even seventy *per day* being no uncommon event. It is simply impossible for the retail bookseller to keep in stock one half of the publications that he is sure will be wanted. This statement is made on the authority of one of the leading West-end booksellers.

The enormous and ever-increasing output of magazine literature still finds a purchasing (and let us hope reading) public. There are no new comers of any importance. The best selling ones are *English Illustrated*, *Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Woman at Home* (better than ever), *Quiver*, *Cassell's*, *Windsor*, *Good Words*, *Pall Mall*, and *Chambers' Journal*.

The appended list contains the titles of the popular books of the hour. The subjects will be found to be comprehensive, to say the least of them. Theological literature seems to be neglected. As has often been remarked, the arrangement of the list has no significance.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s.
The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. 6s.
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.
St. Ives. By R. L. Stevenson. 6s.
The Gods Arrive. By A. E. Holdsworth. 6s.
Soldiers of Fortune. By R. H. Davis. 6s.

What Maisie Knew. By H. James. 6s.
Jerome. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s.
Wayfaring Men. By Edna Lyall. 6s.
Sunset. By B. Whitby. 6s.
Sweethearts and Friends. By M. Gray. 6s.
Ordeal of Richard Feverel. By George Meredith. 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montresor. 6s.
Liza of Lambeth. By W. S. Maugham. 3s. 6d.
Sleep. By M. de Manaceine. 3s. 6d.
The Invisible Man. By H. G. Wells. 3s. 6d.
Founded on Paper. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d.
The Pomp of the Lavilettes. By G. Parker. 3s. 6d.
The City of Refuge. By W. Besant. 3s. 6d.
The Benin Massacre. By Capt. A. Boisragon. 3s. 6d.
Forty-one Years in India. By General Roberts. 36s.
Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden. By Mrs. C. W. Earle. 7s. 6d.
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s.
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net.
Mrs. Wood's Novels. 2s. edition.
With Moore at Corunna. By Henty. 6s.
Quo Vadis? By H. Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net.
History of French Literature. By E. Dowden. 6s.

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Sept. 25.1897.—Home trade well maintained, improving towards the week end. Business with foreign countries and colonies unchanged.
Oct. 2, „ —A good week as a whole, being pretty even throughout. Foreign and colonial departments rather busier.
„ 9, „ —A busy week, with a good sprinkling of stock lines. A little easier in foreign and colonial departments.
„ 16, „ —Another good week, work being carried on at a high pressure, everything wanted by return. Trade in export branches rather heavier.
„ 23, „ —A little easier than last week, but still a good one, and ditto in the export departments.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We make the following announcements of new and forthcoming books from the lists of the publishers. Of course, we are not able to include every book, but we have endeavoured to make the list more practically useful by inserting the prices of the volumes wherever we have had them.

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS will shortly publish "John Marmaduke," a romance of the English Invasion of Ireland in 1649. By Samuel Harden Church, Author of "Oliver Cromwell: A History." With original Illustrations by A. G. Reinhart. The book deals with the most misunderstood incident in the Commonwealth period, the invasion of Ireland by the Parliamentary army in 1649. The author, who published some three years ago a "Life of Oliver Cromwell," has desired to give further elucidation to that subject by means of this historical romance, and has most carefully studied the ancient language and literature of Ireland. Messrs. Putnam's Sons will also publish "The Dungeons of Old Paris," being the Story and Romance of the most celebrated Prisons of the Monarchy and the Revolution. By Tighe Hopkins. Containing illustrations, amongst others, of "The Bastille," "The Dungeon of Vincennes," "The Temple," etc., etc. Mr. Hopkins, whose graphic and brilliant style is well known, has made a special study of the more celebrated prisons of historical Paris, and has endeavoured to give to each of these cruel dungeons its special and descriptive character. "The Cid Campeador," by Mr H. B. Clarke; "President Grant," by Mr. W. C. Church; "Robert E. Lee," by Prof. H. A. White; "A History of American Literature in the Colonial Period," by Prof. M. C. Tyler; "Nippur; Explorations on the Euphrates (1880-1890)," by Dr. J. P. Peters; "The Historical Development of Modern Europe," by Prof. C. M. Andrews; "The Vines of North-Eastern America," by Mr. C. S. Newhall; "Religions of Primitive Peoples," by Prof. D. G. Brinton; "Chronicles of a Kentucky Settlement," by Mr. W. C. Watts; "The Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York," by Mr. A. C. Dayton; "Evolution and Religion," by Mr. J. Bascom; "The Writings of James Monroe," edited by Mr. S. M. Hamilton; "The Life of Charles Carroll," edited by Miss K. M. Rowland; "An Introduction to Literature," by Mr. L. E. Jones; "Sound Money Monographs" and "Greenbacks and Currency Reform," by Mr. W. C. Cornwell; "The Life of H. B. Plant," by Mr. G. H. Smyth: "Historic New York"; "The Professor's Dilemma," by Miss A. L. Noble; "Some Colonial Homesteads," by Miss M. Harland; "The Occasional Address," by Prof. L. Sears; "Modern English Prose Writers," by Mr. F. P. Stearns; "Monetary Problems and Reform," by Mr. C. H. Swan, jun.; "Nullification and Secession in the United States," by Dr. E. P. Powell; "The American College in American Life," by Mr. C. F. Thwing; "American Finance," by Mr. A. D. Noyes; "On the Ocean," by M. E. de Amicis; "A Notebook in Northern Spain," by Mr. A. M. Huntington; "The Painters of Central Italy," by Mr. B. Berenson; and "The Works of Samuel Adams," edited by Mr. H. A. Cushing.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER.—"The Gist of Japan: the Islands, their People, and Missions," by R. B. Peery, A.M., Ph.D.; "Christian Missions and Social Progress," by James S. Dennis, D.D., in two vols., with illustrations from original photographs; "Shakspere, Puritan and Recusant," by Thomas Carter; A Popular Edition of "Chinese Characteristics," by Arthur H. Smith, D.D.; "The Plagiarist," by William Myrtle; "Santa Teresa," an Appreciation, with the best passages from her writings selected and arranged by Dr. Alexander Whyte; "A Handful of Silver," by L. T. Meade; "After Pentecost, What?" by James M. Campbell; "The Ten Commandments," by George Jackson, B.D. New Volumes of the "Famous Scots" series, including "Kirkcaldy of Grange," by Louis Barbé; "Robert Ferguson," by A. B. Grosart; "James Thomson," by William Bayne; a New Edition, in four vols., of the "Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott; a New and Enlarged Edition of "Hogarth's Works," in three vols., with 150 illustrations; "John Knox and his House," by Charles J. Guthrie, Q.C.; A Second and Cheaper Edition of "Modern Palestine," by John Lamond, B.D.; "The Little Lump of Clay," and other Five-Minute Talks to Children, by H. W. Shrewsbury; "Daily Thoughts for a Year," from the Letters of Samuel Rutherford, selected by Eva S. Sandeman.

MR. J. C. NIMMO.—In two vols., 21s. net, "The English Black Monks of St. Benedict," a Sketch of their History from the Coming of St. Augustine to the Present Day, by the Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton; New Cheap Edition of the Large Type "Waverley Novels," Border Edition, Edited, with Introductory Essays and Notes to each Novel (supplementing those of the Author), by Andrew Lang, with 250 original illustrations from drawings and paintings specially executed by eminent Artists, to be completed in 24 Monthly Vols., price 3s. 6d. per volume; New Illustrated Edition in Monthly Vols., 5s. per vol. net, "The Lives of the Saints," with a Calendar for Every Day in the Year, New Edition, Revised with Introduction and Additional Lives of English Martyrs, Cornish and Welsh Saints, and a full Index to the entire work, by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A.; "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell (afterwards Mistress Milton)," and the sequel thereto, "Deborah's Diary," with an Introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and 26 Illustrations by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton, 6s.; "George Thomson," the Friend of Burns, his Life and Correspondence, by J. Cuthbert Hadden, 10s. 6d. net; "Stories of Famous Songs," by S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, 7s. 6d.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN.—"Modern Painters," a New Complete and Cheap Edition in 6 vols., with all the Illustrations (vols. 4, 5, and 6), "Lectures on Landscape," both works by John Ruskin; "The Bible References of John Ruskin," selected and arranged in alphabetical order by Mary and Ellen Gibbs; "The Principles of Criticism," by W. Basil Worsfold, M.A., B.L., etc.; "Wisdom and Destiny," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "Pansies from French Gardens," gathered (from Pascal, La Bruyère, Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues) by Prof. Attwell (Pensees series), "Aphorisms of Landor," by R. Brimley Johnson (Pensees series), both with portraits; "Library Construction and Architecture," by Frank J. Burgoyne, with 141 illustns., vol. 2 (Library series), edited by Dr. Garnett; also vol. 3, "Library Administration," by J. MacFarlane, and vol. 4, "The Prices of Books," by H. B. Wheatley; "Wellington: His Comrades and Contemporaries" (uniform with "Nelson and his Companions in Arms"), by Major Arthur Griffiths; Spenser's "Faerie Queene," illustrated by Walter Crane, edited by T. J. Wise (6 vols.); "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," translated by H. O. Sommer, illustrated by A. J. Gaskin, a new edition in one vol.; "The Hesperides of Robert Herrick"; "Milton's Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," illustrated by T. K. Robinson and Emily J. Harding; "Spring Fairies and Sea Fairies," by Geraldine Mockler, with illustrations by Nellie Benson; "Renaud of Montauban," by Robert Steele, with 12 full-page Illustrations by Fred Mason; "Pickwick Papers," and "Nicholas Nickleby."

W. THACKER & CO.—"Infective Diseases of Animals," being Part I of the translation of Friedberger and Frœhner's Pathology of the Domestic Animals, translated by Captain M. H. Hayes, F.R.C.V.S., in 2 vols., 12s. 6d. each vol.; "A Servant of John Company" (The Honourable East India Company), being the Recollections of an Indian Official, by H. G. Keene, C.I.E., Hon. M.A., author of "Sketches in Indian Ink," etc., 12s.; "Tactics: As Applied to Schemes," by Major J. Sherston, D.S.O., P.S.C. (Rifle Brigade), with an appendix containing "Solutions to some Tactical Schemes," by Captain L. J. Shadwell, P.S.C. (Suffolk Regiment), D.A.A.G. for Instruction, 9s; Dedicated by special permission to Field-Marshal the Right Hon. Lord Roberts, T.C., "Departmental Ditties and Other Verses," by Rudyard Kipling, the Edition de Luxe (limited to 150 copies) numbered and signed, with sixteen illustrations by Dudley Cleaver, printed on Dickinson's handmade deckle-edge paper, specially manufactured for this edition, price 21s. net. (the copies printed on vellum are all sold).

MR. J. T. GREIN.—"Hollandia," a Dutch weekly for all Hollanders abroad, will be published at 110, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., on Saturday, November 6th. It will be conducted by Mr. J. T. Grein, and Miss Johanna Volz will be the assistant editor. All leading Dutch authors have been invited to contribute, and a competition has been opened among Dutch artists for a frontispiece, Mr. L. Alma Tadema, R.A., having kindly consented to act as judge.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK.—"The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life," by Justin McCarthy, M.P., 7s. 6d.; "The Making of Abbotsford," by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, with photogravure frontispiece and vignette of Abbotsford; "In Northern Spain," by Dr. Hans Gadow, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., containing map and 89 illustrations, 21s.; "Principles of Political Economy," Book III., vol. II., by Prof. J. Shield Nicholson; "The History of the Reformation in Scotland," by John Knox, transcribed into modern spelling by Charles J. Guthrie, M.A., with 43 illustrations; "Memorials of Dunnikier Church, Kirkcaldy," edited by the Rev. William Fairweather, M.A., 3s. 6d. net; "Horæ Subsecivæ," by John Brown, M.D., LL.D., new edition in 3 vols., 3s. 6d. each; "The Nurse's Handbook of Cookery," a help in sickness and convalescence, by E. M. Worsnop, First-Class Diplomée of the National Training School of Cookery, South Kensington, and for 16 years Teacher of Cookery under the London School Board, 1s. 6d.; "Elementary Algebra," by Geo. Chrystal, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, 5s.; "A Critical Period in the Development of the Horse," illustrated with 4 plates, by J. C. Ewart, M.D., F.R.S., 1s. net; "The Story of Ab, a Tale of the Time of the Cave Men," by Stanley Waterloo, author of "A Man and a Woman," "An Odd Situation," etc., with 10 full-page illustrations by Simon Harmon Vedder, 5s.; "Exiled From School; or, For the Sake of a Chum," by Andrew Home, author of "From Fag to Monitor," etc., with 10 full-page illustrations by Stephen Reid, 5s.; "Half-Text History" (Chronicles of School Life), by Ascott R. Hope, "Author of "Cap and Gown Comedy," "Black and Blue," etc., 5s.; "Songs of the Sea and Lays of the Land," by Charles Godfrey Leland, new edition, 3s. 6d.; "Cairo of To-day," a practical guide to Cairo and its environs, by E. A. Reynolds-Ball, B.A., F.R.G.S., author of "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," etc., 2s. 6d.; "Black's Guide to Bath and Bristol," sixth edition, edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff, illustrated with new maps and plans, 1s. The Guild Library, 1s. 6d. net per volume, edited by Very Rev. Prof. Charteris, D.D., and Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, D.D., Second Series (to be issued monthly, beginning October, 1897): "Our Lord's Teaching," by Rev. J. Robertson, D.D., Whittinghame, greatly enlarged by the addition of notes and several new chapters; "Professor Robertson, D.D., a Notable Churchman," a sketch of the life and work of, with an account of the "Disruption" Controversy and the extension of the Church of Scotland, by Professor A. H. Charteris, D.D., University of Edinburgh; "Missionary Enterprise in the Reformed Churches," by the Rev. J. A. Graham, M.A., Guild Missionary at Kalimpong, with maps and illustrations; "The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World," by Professor Wenley, Sc.D. (Edin.), D. Phil. (Glas.), University of Michigan, U.S.A.; "Our Hymns and their Writers," by the Rev. Duncan Campbell, B.D., Minister of St. Matthew's, Edinburgh; "Bible Manners and Customs," by the Rev. George M. Mackie, M.A., Beyrout, with illustrations. Already published: "Religions of the World," by Principal Grant, D.D., LL.D., Queen's University, Canada; "Handbook of Christian Evidences," by Principal Stewart, D.D., University of St. Andrews; "The Old Testament and its Contents," by Professor Robertson, D.D., University of Glasgow; "The New Testament and its Writers," by Rev. J. A. M'Clymont, D.D., Aberdeen; "Landmarks of Church History," by Professor Cowan, D.D., University of Aberdeen; "The Church of Scotland," a Sketch of its History," by Rev. P. M'Adam Muir, D.D., Glasgow Cathedral; "The Presbyterian Churches," their place and power in modern Christendom, by Rev. J. N. Ogilvie, M.A., Bangalore; "Life and Conduct," by Very Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D.D., LL.D., of St. Giles, Edinburgh; "Exposition of the Apostles' Creed," by Rev. J. Dodds, D.D., Corstorphine; "History of the English Bible," by Rev. George Milligan, B.D., Caputh.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.—"New Letters of Napoleon I.," omitted from the collection published under the auspices of Napoleon III., translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd, 15s. net; "William Shakespeare," a critical study, by Georg Brandes, Ph.D., translated from the Danish by William Archer and Diana White, in 2 vols., 24s.; "Catherine Sforza," a study, by Count Pasolini, adapted from the Italian by Paul Sylvester, with many illustrations; "A History of the Liverpool Privateers," and Letters of Marque, including the Slave Trade, by Gomer Williams, in 1 vol., 12s. net; "Robert, Earl Nugent," a memoir, by Claud Nugent, in 1 vol., with a number of portraits and other illustrations; "A History of Dancing," from the earliest ages to our own times, from the French of Gaston Vuillier, with 25 plates in photogravure and about 400 illustrations in text, 36s. net: "A History of Modern English Literature," by Edmund Gosse, Hon. M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, 6s.; "A History of Italian Literature," by Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., Keeper of the Printed Books in the British Museum, 6s.; "The Non-Religion of the Future," from the French of Marie Jean Guyau, in 1 vol., 17s. net; "Sixty Years of Empire," a symposium from the *Daily Chronicle*, with over 70 portraits and diagrams, 6s; "The War of the Worlds," by H. G. Wells; "God's Foundling," by A. J. Dawson; "The Londoners," by Robert Hichens; "A New Novel," by Harold Frederic; "Tony Drum," a Cockney Boy, by Edwin Pugh; "The Nigger of 'The Narcissus,'" by Joseph Conrad; "The Drones Must Die," by Max Nordau; "The Fourth Napoleon,' by Charles Benham; "The Master-Knot," by J. A. Steuart; "The Lake of Wine," by B. E. J. Capes, "Ezekiel's Sin," by J. H. Pearce; "A Champion of the Seventies," by Edith A. Barnett; "Mrs. John Forster," by Charles Granville, in 1 vol. at 3s. 6d.

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MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish at an early date a new volume by Dr. James Mackinnon, entitled "Leisure Hours in the Study." The book contains, besides a number of articles on literary and historical subjects, a short story of Scottish ecclesiastical life, whose interest centres in the preaching match.

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THE READER.

MR. GERALD MASSEY AT HOME.

FOR many years Mr. Gerald Massey has lived in seclusion. He has set himself, or, as he would say, has been set, a formidable task, and devotes all his time and strength to its accomplishment. He shrinks from publicity—"I am like a creature down at the bottom of the ocean drawing breath from another world." He has never been "interviewed" in this country, various interviewers having tried in vain to induce him to submit to the process. He says he does not want to be heard of until his *magnum opus* is finished. While regretting that since 1870 he has only intermittently touched the lyre, his friends and admirers of his poetry would rejoice to see him, in his seventieth year, the storm and stress of his early days almost forgotten, in his peaceful nest at Norwood, surrounded by his family, and living a happy, quiet, industrious life. He is indifferent to the world's estimate of himself and his work; not that he is in the least cynical or misanthropic, but that he has reached a point where he is unaffected by praise, blame, or silence. His study of Egyptian lore seems to have invested him with sphinx-like assurance and placidity. With a calm, passionless face, surrounded by fine grey hair, a kind, tolerant expression in his steady grey eyes, and wearing a red woollen cap, a white cravat (no collar), and a short check jacket, he looks like a rabbi. Yet in intercourse you find him intensely human, and altogether unlike the common notion of a mystic.

The name Mr. Massey has given to the house in which he has resided for the past four years was suggested by the special line of study he is pursuing, *Anru*, or more correctly *Aanru*, being the Egyptian Garden of Eden or Paradise. He came to Norwood from "Rusta," Lordship Lane, Dulwich, where he lived three years. The previous thirteen years (1877-90) were spent at Bordighera Villa, New Southgate. Here he had much trouble and sickness, losing by death two daughters. The old name of New Southgate is Colney Hatch, and, when he went to reside there, paragraphs appeared in the American papers regretting that Mr. Massey was in a lunatic asylum; the *New York Times* was not at all surprised, having prophesied in a leader where his opinions would land him! From 1866 to 1877 he had lived at Ward's Hurst, near Ashridge, Hertfordshire. The late Lord Brownlow and his mother, Lady Marian Alford, were great friends of the poet, and gave him this place for life. Lady Marian actively interested herself in securing the Civil List pension of £100 enjoyed by Mr. Massey since 1864. Local associations may be traced in Mr. Massey's poems, but external nature is to him chiefly background, his interest being almost entirely in the human. "In Memoriam" was written on the death of Lady Marian Alford's eldest son, Spencer, and "Carmina Nuptialia" on the marriage of the present Lord Brownlow.

Many who are familiar with the poetry of Gerald Massey know little of his history or personality. Few lives have been more remarkable than his. Thomas Gerald Massey was born on May 29th, 1828, in a flint-stone hut at Gamble Wharf, near Tring, Hertfordshire. His father was a canal boatman. He traces whatever he has out of the ordinary to his mother—"a fiery-spirited, great-hearted little woman"—prototype of "Christie's Poor Old Gran," "Christie" (Christabel) being his eldest daughter. His schooling was of the scantiest. He attended a British school and also a night school in Tring, but says he did not get much from either. At the age of seven he went into a silk factory, where he worked from six in the morning until half-past six in the evening for ninepence per week. He says, with a laugh at the recollection, that as a boy he was an inveterate gambler, and on the Saturday lost all his first week's wages at pitch-and-toss. When he had been some time at the factory it was burnt down, much to his delight. He was then put to straw-plaiting, and after three years at that he got a situation at a boarding-school, but he had to leave—"because," he penitently explains, "the girls used to kiss and hug me." So at fourteen he was packed off to London. His first lines appeared in print in the *Aylesbury News* in 1843. Soon afterwards he issued a shilling pamphlet of poems. "Affectedly enough, I called it, after Béranger, 'Poems and Chansons, by a Tring Peasant Boy.' What a long time it takes to grow out of the affectation of youth, which is only super-consciousness! That is the wonder of Burns—from the first he seems to have been as unconscious as a bird."

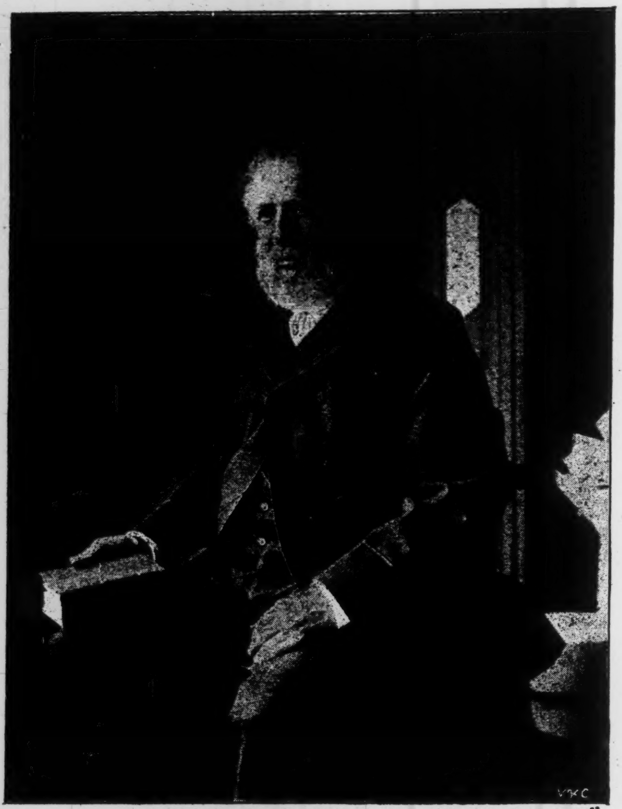
He began life in London as an errand boy in a draper's shop, and in the course of two or three years found himself behind the counter. Meantime, he commenced to write what he now describes as "wild, red republican rhymes." In '48 he joined in the Chartist agitation, and on the memorable 10th of April was nearly cut to pieces by the police at Kennington. In '49 he started a monthly paper, *The Uxbridge Spirit of Freedom*, eleven issues of which were published. In '50 he published "Voices of Freedom and Lyrics of Love." About this time he came under the personal influence of Maurice and Kingsley, became a socialist, and was for two or three years one of their Secretaries. At twenty-two he married a well-known spiritualist medium, "The Clairvoyant Jane," and some of his tenderest poems were written at this period.

Having drifted into literature, he became associated with Julian Harney (now, in his eighty-first year, lying seriously ill at Richmond), who was then editing *The Northern Star*, Fergus O'Connor's paper. When that stopped they started *The Star of Freedom*, which was financed by a man named Leblond, head of the firm of Benetfink and Co. Mr. Massey also acted as a London correspondent to the *New York Tribune*. In 1854-5 he was secretary to Mazzini's society, the Friends of Italy.

In 1854 Mr. Massey published what he considers his first "volume," "The Ballad of Babe Christabel, and Other Poems." It was an immediate success. "That was the only time," the author remarks with a quiet smile, "that I ever had any 'booming.' Hepworth Dixon caught sight of the little volume, and showed it to Douglas Jerrold when they were going to spend a Sunday at Brighton. Dixon wrote seven columns about it in the *Athenæum*, and Jerrold wrote a flaming review in *Lloyd's*. That sent it spinning. Five editions were sold in one year; but as each had to be reprinted I did not make much by it. Other reviews were quite as eulogistic as anything that has been written about

Rudyard Kipling. I did not dream of such success. I wrote a great deal better verse after that which did not get much recognition." Among those who were attracted by the young poet was George Eliot, who took him as her model of Felix Holt.

Early in 1855 Mr. Massey removed to Edinburgh, where he published "Craigcrook Castle." He lived in a flat in Henderson Row for three or four years; here two of his children died, and here he wrote "The Mother's Idol Broken." For a short time he edited the *Edinburgh Evening News*, and also wrote for the *North British Quarterly Review*, and for the *Witness*. In 1856, Dixon asked him to review poetry for the *Athenæum*, and this he did for ten years. He also wrote for the *Quarterly Review* for five or six years under Macpherson's editorship. Leaving Edinburgh in 1858, he took to the lecture platform, and for the next ten years or so was in great demand all over the country. "I have never had any diffidence in facing an audience; in fact, I was hardly conscious of the audience. I seemed to be isolated, or, rather, insulated." In March, 1866, his first wife died, and in January, 1868, he married the present Mrs. Massey. Of the first marriage there were three girls and a boy; two of the daughters are living. Of the second marriage there were four girls and one boy; two of the daughters and the son are dead. In 1869 he published "The Haunted Hurst, A Tale of Eternity"—"founded," he says, "on a personal experience in a house that *was* haunted. This 'did for' me in a literary way. A well-known editor spoke of me as having deserted Liberalism and gone over to 'those spiritualists.'"



From a photograph specially taken for "The Bookman" by Alfred Underhill, West Croydon.

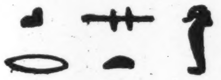
MR. GERALD MASSEY, 1897.

Since the appearance of the "Tale of Eternity," Mr. Massey has written very little verse. In 1890 he issued a collection of "poems old and new" in two volumes, under the title of "My Lyrical Life." Several editions have been called for, and in each of these he has inserted a few new short poems.

In 1872 Mr. Massey published a little volume "Concerning Spiritualism," which has long been out of print. In the same year he gave four Sunday lectures at St. George's Hall, and publicly proclaimed himself a spiritualist. "Until then I had a considerable lecturing connection, especially among Young Men's Christian Associations—my poetry was accepted by the religious world as particularly pious. I had between seventy and eighty winter engagements; the season following my avowal of spiritualism I had only seven!"

I asked Mr. Massey to tell me about the research work in which he has long been engaged. "I had always been an evolutionist since I thought out anything," he responded, "and in 1870 I got the idea that the human race originated in equatorial Africa. I set to work, and tried to trace the origin of language, typology, theology, etc., to Egypt. I found that our islands are full of things Egyptian—place names, water-names, customs, etc. I have compiled a vocabulary of a thousand English words derived from the Egyptian. I have been at this work for twenty-seven years, and in two or three more years I hope to complete my task. I have been over the ground three times. First I treated the subject philologically, and that is the result"—pointing to two imperial octavo volumes entitled "The Book of Beginnings: An Attempt to Recover and Reconstitute the lost Origins of the Myths and Mysteries, Types and Symbols, Religion and Language, with Egypt for the Mouthpiece, and Africa as the Birthplace." "But I found that words did not go back far enough—sign-language and hieroglyphics preceded words; so I tried typology, and the outcome is 'The Natural Genesis'"—two volumes uniform with "The Book of Beginnings." "My researches showed me the necessity of something still more fundamental, and I am now working at the earliest imagery and astronomical mythology. I wrote the first two volumes in the dark, the second two in the twilight, and I am writing the last two by day."

Mr. Massey drew my attention to a nest of large pigeon-holes, each containing a pile of matter—typewritten by his eldest daughter, who helps him in his work. One division was labelled "The Language of Animals;" another, "Totemism as a Primitive Mode of Representation;" another, "Myth as a Primitive Mode of Representation;" another, "The Kamite Astronomical Mythology;" these being four titles out of a score or more sections of the concluding two volumes, which will be entitled "Ancient Egypt the Light of the World." "I am going to show," the author explained, "that Egypt was the light of the world. Nothing could be clearer to my mind than the Egyptian origin of the Babylonian mythology. When my work is done I shall have established the Egyptian origin of the Hebrew legends and of the Christian doctrines. To mention only three of the doctrines called Christian. Six thousand years ago the Egyptians taught the fatherhood of God, who was revealed to men by His own Son—He who says of His Father, 'I utter His words to the men of the present generation (*i.e.*, the Living), and I repeat His words to the dead.' He taught in two worlds—in one as human, in the other as a Spirit. They had the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, with Osiris as the Father, Horus as the Son, and Rā as the Holy Spirit, which three were one in essence and threefold in identifiable phenomena. They had their Christ or Anointed, who rose again from the dead as the *Krst* Mummy, the spiritual body, or Sahu, in the person of Amsu-Horus. I hold now that the authors of the documents from which the Gospels were written must have worked from a copy of 'The Ritual,' and the explanation of the great difference between John and the Synoptics is that he has retained much more than they of the original matter. I can parallel the sayings of Jesus one after another from 'The Book of the Dead.'"



I asked Mr. Massey whether he reads much modern literature. "Very little," he replied, "unless it is likely to give me a new fact or suggestion, or help me to trace an origin. I have read no poetry for years. I have not read Tennyson's and Browning's later volumes; I read enough of their poetry in earlier life when I used to review it. I reviewed Browning in the *Quarterly* and Tennyson in the *Athenæum*. Darwin speaks about certain faculties having died out in him; I don't think I have lost the faculty of appreciating modern literature, but I certainly have not cultivated it. I should read a new novel by Hardy or Meredith. No, I have not read 'The Christian'; 'The Manxman' is the only book of Hall Caine's that I have read. The only paper I take is the *Daily Chronicle*. I never see the *Athenæum* or any of the literary papers. My wife takes the *Cornhill*. I can see the *Nineteenth Century* whenever I want to, but Mr. Knowles has made it a mere collection of snippets; it is leading article all through. I have come to think less and less of the mere literary faculty; it is so limited, it is only a very small part of a man."

From a photograph specially taken for "The Bookman" by Alfred Underhill, West Croydon.
MR. GERALD MASSEY IN HIS STUDY.

"Did you ever meet Browning and Tennyson?"

"Yes. When my little book, 'Concerning Spiritualism,' appeared, Lord Tennyson — then plain and preferable Alfred—wrote to me saying, 'I have read your book more than once, and have bought copies of it to give to friends.' Browning I used to meet at Ashridge when he visited Lady Marian Alford. I wrote the article in the *Quarterly* on Browning, which led the *Spectator* to say that it was very timely, because the tide was running against him, and it was glad the *Quarterly* had set itself to stem it. I reviewed Browning again and again in the *Athenæum*."

From a photograph specially taken for "The Bookman" by Alfred Underhill, West Croydon.
ANRU, MR. MASSEY'S RESIDENCE.

"Matthew Arnold—Herbert Spencer?"

"Matthew Arnold wrote very kindly to me two or three times, but I never met him. I used occasionally to see Herbert Spencer at John Chapman's when I was doing work for the *Westminster*, but I never spoke to him."

"Swinburne?"

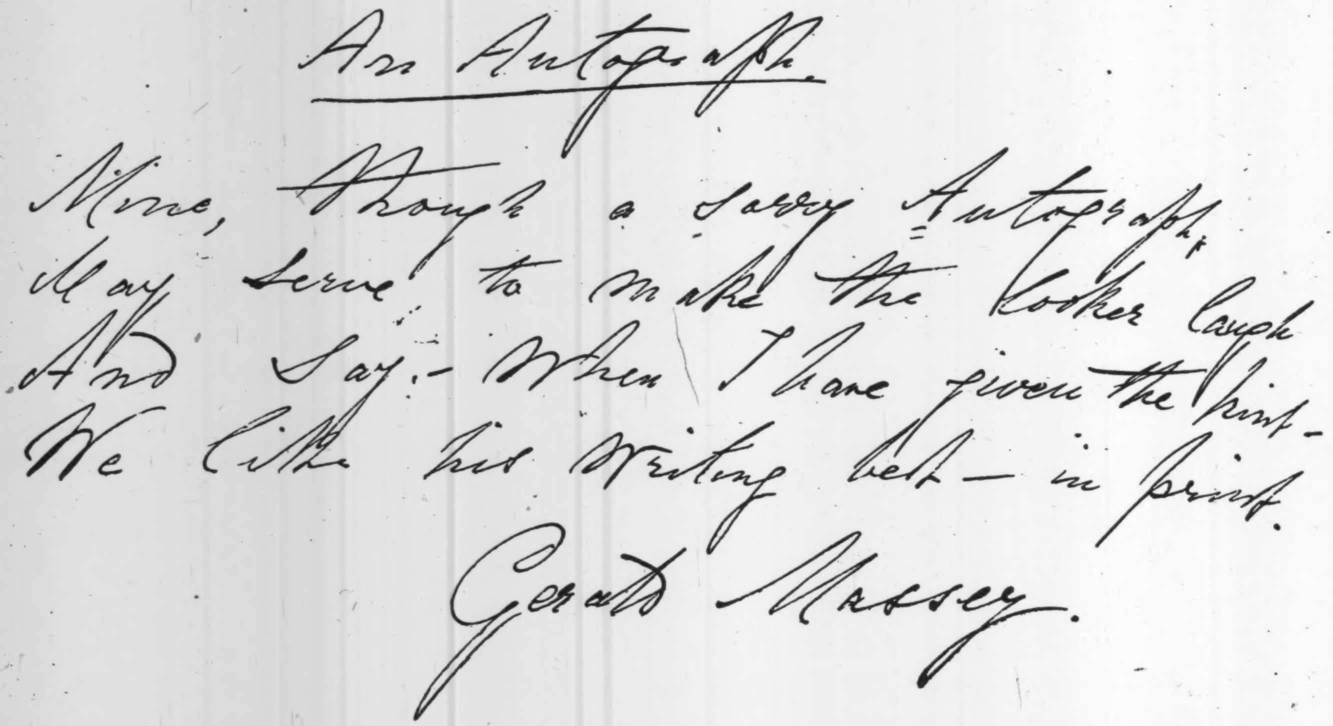
"No. At one time I never opened the *Athenæum* without seeing him classed with Wordsworth and Tennyson, which to me was simply non-understandable."

About William Watson Mr. Massey remarked, "He has the grand style, the grand manner, but I do not see the grand matter."

Mr. Massey told me that if he can complete the undertaking in which he is engaged, he will consider his work is done, and will be content to rest. "I shall exploit every grain of my nature before I get through. I do not fool away my time or energy, or run risks, but keep steadily on. At Ward's Hurst for a time I worked twelve hours a day seven days a week. Now I sit down to my desk about half-past nine. In the winter I work on until half-past one, when I dine; in the summer I sometimes go out for a walk at twelve. After dinner I always have a few minutes' nap; I find that a great help. I work on until dark. I have a third meal about half-past six, and go to bed soon after ten, and generally sleep like a top. I have no theories as to diet. I very rarely go to town. For the last eight years I have not gone out of the house during the six winter months."

"How do you take exercise?"

"Generally in the evening I walk for an hour or two round a table—say five miles. No, I don't get giddy; I am used to circle-making"—this with a light laugh. "No, I don't find my life monotonous or tedious. The explanation of my health and happiness is that I do not rely on externals. You know Swedenborg and William Blake claimed a kind of inner breathing. I know that is possible. I have got at times to where I find there seems to be no further need of expiring, it is all inspiration. I consider that consciously or unconsciously we all draw life from the spirit-world, just as we shall when we pass into it. I never felt younger than I do now." Mr. Massey is the picture of health and contentment.



An Autograph.

Mine, though a sorry Autograph,
May serve to make the looker laugh
And say:- When I have given the hint-
We like his writing best— in print.

Gerald Massey.

TENNYSON: A MEMOIR.*

SO at last it has come to this. A great man is forced to publish his memoirs in self-defence. Not at all by way of apologia, or protest; but simply to forestall and countermine unauthorised versions. Tennyson, who all his life shrank from advertisement, nay, resented bitterly every intrusion on his privacy, wished that no life of him should appear. And this not merely from temperament, but probably from matured judgment. With his singular strong sense he must have felt that a life so private, so domestic, so reclusive, so uneventful, appealed to no lawful curiosity, and promised no commentary upon his works beyond the bare fact that it was what it was, and what the world had long known it to have been. But he was powerless against the new Inquisition, and consented that his heir should publish his official *dossier*. "However, he wished," says his son, "that if I deemed it better, the incidents of his life should be given as shortly as might be without comment, but that my notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." What was meant by "notes" is not quite clear, but the biographer, on whom rested the responsibility of a plenary discretion, has not followed strictly the poet's suggestion.

Now what should be the memoir of Tennyson which could satisfy him and his—for his we all are who love poetry and revere genius? This. Fifty pages—or at most a hundred—of prose fine as his verse, of prose simple, melodious, pure and purposeful—the prose of Goldsmith; and on this the "incidents of his life" should be strung with all the grace and charm of reverent sympathy, though "as shortly as might be, and without comment." So much for the Man, and no more; for the Poet an ampler portrayal. Without prying too much into the secrets of his craft, we would fain become conversant with every scene and incident which kindled and fed and tempered his poetic flame. All that may be known we would know of the purpose, the inspiration, and the working out of his greatest works; his bibliography and literary history should be handled finally and conclusively; the development of his own self-criticism traced side by side with that of his popularity. For criticism or interpretation of his poems no place remains; that is the province, not of the biographer, but of the critic.

Many of these elements will be found in Lord Tennyson's work, but embedded in a mass of trivial and, in our eyes, irrelevant gossip. We shall not presume to blame him. The public insists on knowing what the poet liked for breakfast, when he caught cold, and what casual remarks he and his callers made on weighty subjects about which their opinion is without special authority. And if Lord Tennyson did not supply these details, someone else would, and with less veracity and good taste. A thousand pages—albeit the print is large—are overmuch; were they fewer, perchance some interloper would advertise a "full and complete Life." Perhaps, too, this wealth of domestic trivialities may render the publication of a "Real Lord Tennyson" impossible. The work has small pretensions to concinnity of structure or style. Though the author says, and no doubt truly, that he has tried to efface himself, he has not always succeeded. In the narrative chapters we are too often conscious of his inexperience or defective sense of proportion in the curtness and vagueness of the important sentence and the prolixity of the more trivial connecting matter. This vagueness—the preface is especially nebulous and empty—is partly due to his habit of weaving into his sentences scraps of his father's poems, which, apart from the context, are singularly confusing. Once upon a time our fathers who sat under the Kembles used to lard their style with scraps and orts of Shakespeare. The practice is happily extinct. Yet though it make for obscurity, we do not upbraid the author with having learnt unconsciously to think in the words of his illustrious father, which to him are naturally more familiar and suggestive than to us. If the book as it goes on tends more and more to a "Tennyson and his Times" of the usual gossiping type, Professor Sidgwick and Professor Palgrave share the responsibility of "selection from upwards of 40,000 letters." Many that appear from no point of view deserved printing in full with formal address and superscription. The copious extracts from the poet's and his wife's diaries and travel notes are often too trivial and domestic for publication. But the literary demerits of the work are after all its practical merits. Though the author and printer do not spare the paper, the varied and countless scraps of material succeed one another without joints or comments, in a stolid, business-like way that is really very convenient and comfortable. Lord Tennyson is always quite serious about it, and anxious to get as much as he can into his thousand pages. Some valuable papers on Tennyson contributed by various hands are printed in full as appendices. And finally the index is so excellent that we find it the pleasantest guide to the book. Infinite pains have been taken to render this labour of filial love, what it undoubtedly is, the final, full, authoritative life of the great Laureate. In the future many more brilliant, or sympathetic, or profound studies of that life may appear, but they can be only abridgments of this, nor will they dare to palter with its magisterial testimonies. For five years we have trembled for the poet's honour lying at the mercy of the *valetaille*; was it to be puffed up to shameful collapse, or vulgarized by sordid commonplace, or smirched by envious spleen? Lord Tennyson has devoted himself to spare us that pain, and we offer him the personal homage of our gratitude. Let him rest assured that he has let fall no word of enthusiastic veneration which has seemed too strong to one who, while upholding Tennyson's supremacy among modern poets, is perhaps more than most alive to his deficiencies, and for one phase of his work feels not only distaste, but positive repugnance. The book is no revelation. It only confirms and justifies the faith we had based upon the poet's writings. It is no plausible apology or artful panegyric. With nothing to conceal, nothing to explain away, the author is able without the least fail of seemly reverence to set just and reasoned limits to his enthusiasm. No judgment on Tennyson's life and character has ever been, or ever will be pronounced so judicious, so discriminating, so wise and moderate, and therefore so convincing as that suggested by the son, who of all living men knew the poet best, and whose whole life had moved under his controlling influence; nor shall our narrowing space prevent us from quoting it in full. "If I may venture," he says, "to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is, that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy."

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* "Tennyson: A Memoir." By his son, Hallam Lord Tennyson. In two volumes. (Macmillan and Co.)

The book is a mine of ore, some rich, some worthless. To throw up a few random spadefuls in this brief article were sorry work, when so many suggestive points are each tempting us to a lengthy essay. Tennyson's life we need touch at one point only, that which alone roused criticism. The outcry against his peerage has died down; these Memoirs should prevent its revival. The offer was Mr. Gladstone's idea; and his unrivalled experience and knowledge of what was fit and seemly should have been enough for the public. It was no question of a rubbishy "compliment to literature," like the baronetcies doled out to political journalists and pushing novelists. Nor was it a new-fangled "prize scheme" to encourage poetry. Mr. Gladstone never meant to fool the young recruit, slinking to the Row with his first epic, into the belief that he carried a coronet in his knapsack. Yet both these delusions were rife. Unchecked, to what would they tend? To a cry of injustice if a peerage were some day refused to an Otway, or Savage, or Goldsmith, or Burns of the future. We might easily have a poet of splendid genius and vast popularity who would be impossible as a peer; say a man of low birth, of disreputable or even criminal connections, with a wife who had "no marriage lines to show," and a progeny of neglected brats—the heir to the barony perhaps already in Holloway Gaol; a genial, tipsy visionary, unkempt, unwashed, innocent of politics and the great world, his great gains all squandered—in short, a splendid bankrupt in mind, body, and estate. Prime Ministers understand these matters better than the journalists. Lord Macaulay was not merely a popular writer, but a distinguished statesman and Indian official. Lord Tennyson was a man of good family and excellent connections, of the highest university breeding, of irreproachable and dignified life, an aristocrat of the best patriarchal type, yet a Liberal who had sympathised with and often voiced the progressive feeling of his day. He had ample means to support, and worthy descendants to transmit the title. The distinguishing favour of the Queen, and the confidence of some of her ablest statesmen were his; scarce one of the great men of England, nay, almost of the world, but sought and valued his acquaintance or friendship. Though gifted with no power of original or profound thought, he had a good practical head, and with his conscientious thoroughness had acquired a sound knowledge of most political and scientific questions. There was nothing, at least in his later days, visionary or hysterical in his opinions, which would probably have carried weight in either House of Parliament. True, he was a poet also, and in the public eye only, and above all, a poet. But as such he had long held and illustrated an ancient office in the royal court, and somehow always seemed a great officer of State—the Queen's Poet, the Nation's Poet—rather than the Poet of the publishers and their customers. But what Mr. Gladstone probably saw, and was the first to see, was that Tennyson was not only a born poet, but a born noble.

As a boy, the spell of *noblesse oblige* was laid upon him. His modest simplicity of heart, his self-respecting pride, his scorn of little ends and base means, his ardent thirst for achievement, his worship of the far-off ideal of pure and high and noble life, and his inspired faith that courage must at last attain it—what was all this but the spirit of the young knights of old? In any other calling this man could never have been less than great—as a sailor, a Nelson, as a soldier, a Gordon. And when he was grown famous, how lordly and dignified was his modest life. It was a real court he held at Farringford, the life which great nobles may enjoy in their private apartments, when the gorgeous state rooms are shut up. Not, indeed, an atmosphere overcharged with high-pressure intellect; no shrine of courtly elegance or brilliant wit; nor yet the sumptuous, soul-satisfying palace of our modern painter-princes. No, its stately dignity lay in that proud seclusion, that wholesome domesticity, that household order and decency, that marked our English territorial families, who, resting on their acres and pedigrees, could afford to live sanely and nobly, and follow their natural instinct. It is fine to notice that not only did Tennyson never think of pushing himself, but what is more, never once dreamt that he needed pushing. And then the man himself! that commanding figure, that stately mien, that noble, impressive face that would have graced the court of Elizabeth or Philip II., and inspired the brush of Velasquez! Yes, Mr. Gladstone was quite right.

Thus far a single point has led us, and no space left for other incidents of his life, such as his interesting correspondence with the Queen—nor even for his beautiful euthanasy. Of Tennyson's poetical career, of the many literary criticisms which this book has suggested, we have said nothing; some of them we may possibly treat hereafter. But before leaving his life, perhaps it should be pointed out that, so far as we know, gossip has busied itself with only three frailties of the poet. First, the cloak. Well, it was not good—too Spanish, and yet not Spanish enough; and it did not go well with the collar and tie. But let the cloak and hat drop for the present, though they are really food for an essay—they are hardly sins. Secondly, a certain "gruffness," or testiness of manner. Well, was not Johnson a little gruff at times? Tennyson's "gruffness" was a jest in early days with Hallam and FitzGerald, so it was no later affectation. It is plain that those who knew him, saw in it only a strain of British sincerity, like Carlyle's growls, and probably an occasional reaction from his over-strung poetical imagination. The charge disappears before the universal testimony to his warmth and tenderness of heart. Lastly, it has been said that he was a keen hand at a bargain, and no poet in money matters. But so was Shelley. And what of that? It is very well for the rich, bachelor poet who is alone in the world, to take no thought for the morrow, and despise lucre. Any thought of meanness or over-reaching was repugnant to Tennyson's whole nature, and if at any time he may have been a little hard to deal with, it must have been due to his constitutional suspicion of the trading classes (as shown in his "Maud" and elsewhere), to his passion for justice, and to an English tenacity in claiming his lawful rights. Against what great memory have so few charges, and so trivial, been brought? Tennyson was not half eccentric enough: he would have been more perfect if he had had more imperfections.

Y. Y.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND HIS SONS.*

THESE two fine volumes have already been received with a chorus of deserved praise. They tell a story that was eminently worth telling in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Blackwood had a very happy inspiration when he suggested this work to Mrs. Oliphant, and no task could possibly have been more congenial to her. In her many books of criticism there is at least as much weakness as strength, and with the exception of two or three which are used practically as handbooks of travel, they have been forgotten. She was careless, too apt to get up a subject, too positive in her statements, and thus it was very easy for critics to make game of her. More abject productions than "Jerusalem" and the History of Victorian Literature were never published by a really great writer. Here there is nothing of this kind to complain of. Mrs. Oliphant was bound by the strongest ties to Blackwood, and to *Maga*. She loved the magazine as a standing protest against the drift which along with most intelligent people she mourned, and did her best to stem. She was proud of its traditions, of the succession in which she found herself, and no labour has been spared in dealing with the abundant materials. The result is a work full of interest and charm, full also of new lights and fresh information, a book which is perhaps the most valuable contribution made so far to the history of the Victorian literature.

It is true, as some critics have pointed out, that the heroes of this book are not the authors, but the publishers. The work has been done with a great deal of frank simplicity Those who are not familiar with the little ways of contributors may naturally think, for example, that the passionate pleadings of Branwell Brontë should have had some attention, that De Quincey's pathetic excuses should have been more indulgently received, and that the first appreciation of George Eliot's stories was cold enough. These opinions might be changed with a full knowledge of the circumstances. We happen to have read a very large number of manuscripts by Branwell Brontë not printed, and never likely to be printed, and we are sure that no editor in the present day would or could find room for them. Perhaps a kindly letter might have been written, but this sort of correspondence often becomes interminable, is generally received with very little gratitude, and ends in nothing. What does strike us as very curious is that the letters of Branwell should have been kept. Surely it can never have been the custom of Messrs. Blackwood to retain all the letters and contributions sent in by strangers. We must therefore conclude that something about them impressed the editor. As for De Quincey, in spite of his great genius and his many excellent qualities, there can be no doubt that he wore out the longest patience, and it can reasonably be questioned how far his elaborate excuses correspond with fact, although no doubt De Quincey fully believed that they did. There were incidents in De Quincey's life which cannot be told while his descendants survive, and we can quite understand how Messrs. Blackwood should regard themselves as blameless. Certainly Mr. Blackwood's letter about George Eliot strikes one as patronising, but her work was new in kind. Very sagacious judges were baffled, and even the *Guardian*, with the review part of which Dean Church had so much to do, declared that the stories did not deserve republication. Taken as a whole, the conduct of the firm has been singularly just and generous, and they are well entitled to take for a motto "Per Vias Rectas."

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* "William Blackwood and His Sons: Their Magazine and Friends." By Mrs. Oliphant. £2 2s. (Blackwood.)

It cannot be denied, we are afraid, that the authors do not come out too well, but it is not in relation to their editors that authors usually show their best side. Those who have read Mr. Lang's excellent biography of Lockhart will find that he has not said the last word. Mr. Lang, though not blind to his weaknesses, made the very best of his hero; but when all is said and done, it must be allowed that there was a certain venomous and unscrupulous quality about Lockhart. Wilson shows out less well than might have been wished. His unpunctuality may easily be understood, but it is difficult to excuse him for his attacks upon Wordsworth in the circumstances, more difficult perhaps than to excuse De Quincey for his papers on the Lake poets, for De Quincey's action is accountable, and Wilson's is not.

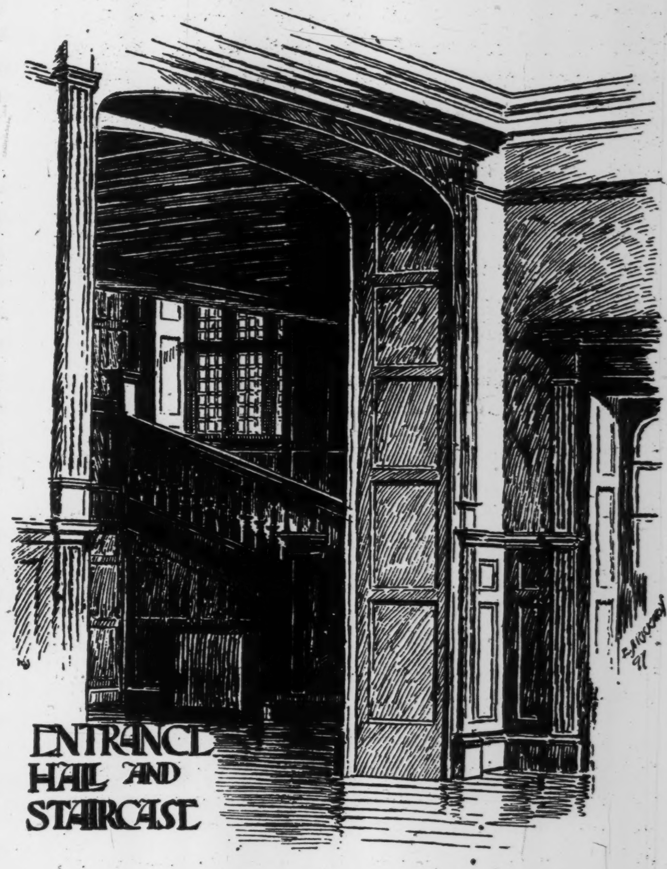
We have a great deal about Samuel Warren, all confirming the general impression of his colossal vanity and his vulgar force. There are also interesting glimpses of Samuel Phillips, whose essays from the *Times* were reprinted long ago by Mr. Murray in his Colonial Library. "Caleb Stukely" is, in spite of what Mrs. Oliphant says, a book of some mark and force, much superior to the criticisms which Phillips published. The Blackwoods gave a warm welcome to Hamley, and were abundantly rewarded, and they found also a strong and valuable support in Kinglake. It is with Kinglake and his history of the Crimean War that the volumes practically end.

While it is impossible to overpraise the manner in which Mrs. Oliphant performed her task, a few slight criticisms may be made. In the first place, she does not do justice to the literary powers of James Hogg, which, considering the circumstances of his upbringing, were astonishing. Mrs. Oliphant does not seem to know his prose work, or at least to know it well, and she makes no reference to his curious connection with *Fraser's Magazine* about the time when "Sartor Resartus" was appearing in its pages. She might have noticed also that Dr. Macrie's tolerance of the Chaldee manuscript rose partly from the fact that its author described him in a very flattering way. We hope and believe there will yet be many more annals of the good house of Blackwood.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

THE NEW HOME OF MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED.

THOSE of us who can remember a Branch House of Macmillan and Co. being opened in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, in 1858, can best realise the wonderful growth of the firm during the forty years of its existence in London. The foundation of the business, however, was laid in the thirteen years prior to this, in Cambridge, during what may be called the early struggles of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan. The history of this period has already been written in the Memoir of Daniel Macmillan by that delightful chronicler Tom Hughes, and it would probably be difficult to find in any other publishers' catalogue such an array of authors as appeared during this early period of the firm's existence. It may be well to verify this assertion by turning to the pages of the Bibliographical Catalogue published some years ago, in which the history of the firm, always progressive, always expanding, is written. Amongst the theologians for whom the Macmillans published before 1858, we find the names of Barry, Colenso, Goodwin, Perowne, Selwyn, Trench, Westcott, Farrar, C. J. Vaughan, Maurice, Hare, Hort, and Kingsley. Six of these men became bishops, and one an archbishop. During the same period the names of Barnard Smith and Todhunter appear, while "Westward Ho!" and "Tom Brown's Schooldays," which still hold their own as two of the best works of fiction during the Victorian Era, were both published before 1858. Other authors of renown whose works still live might be mentioned, but as we have no intention of writing a history of the firm, we pass on to the pleasant task of describing the new home in which Macmillan and Company, Limited, are now located.


ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE

We accepted the invitation to inspect the premises on Friday, October 8th, and although we anticipated finding a home worthy of such a firm, we must confess that our anticipations were more than realised. The surroundings, of course, are at present hardly fitting for the structure now erected, but on passing along St. Martin's Street we were reminded by the inscription on one of the houses that in the last century Sir Isaac Newton resided there, and that afterwards in the same house Fanny Burney wrote "Evelina." The street must have been traversed by many a literary giant, for Leicester Fields was the home of some old-time writers of renown, and if we mistake not, the site on which another publishing house—that of Mr. Stanford's—now stands, was once the famous British Coffee House

The façade of solid stone, classical in design, that first met our view, is in the spirit of the emblems carved over the doorway, the butterflies and the acorns—beauty and strength. As we passed through the porch and stood in the entrance hall we felt that here, at last, literature had found a fitting shrine.

The architect is Mr. John Cash, who designed the Harlesden Free Library, a comparatively unknown man, whom Messrs. Macmillan have "discovered." Both are to be congratulated. On either side of the entrance hall are waiting-rooms; that on the left panelled in oak, with its oak floor and rich covering, is to be used for visitors, principally artists, who just now call upon publishers pretty freely. That on the right is to be used as a show-room, principally for educational works, for the use of the many schoolmasters who wish to see the latest and best. One of the most striking features, however, is the magnificent staircase of oak. The walls are lined with oak panelling, and on the right side hangs an excellent portrait of the late Mr. Alexander Macmillan, painted by Mr. Herkomer some years ago. He is sitting in his chair in an attitude well known by those who were in the habit of visiting him, and one could not help exclaiming,

> "O for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

We next entered the corridor which runs along in front of the suite of directors' and board-room. It is of oak lining with beamed ceiling, having on the staircase side an open arcade with elegantly moulded posts and carved panels. The staircase is lighted by a window with stone mullions and leaded glass on which appear the well-known Caxton monogram M.M., and but for the modern invention of electric light, we could imagine that we were visiting an ancient baronial hall. This corridor from an architectural point of view is very fine, but the suite of rooms leading out of it are all exquisite. They are panelled partially in oak, that of the board-room being higher than the others, and the chimneypieces in each vary in design. On the walls of the board-room are hung the fine series of portraits, by F. Sandys, of some of the most eminent of the authors for whom Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishers, and include Lord Tennyson, Arnold, Lowell, Bishop Westcott, Dean Church, Henry Shorthouse, John Morley, Goldwin Smith, and Lord Wolseley. The furniture in this room is a copy of Chippendale. The fireplaces are worthy of note, and are from designs by Norman Shaw, Voysey, Lethaby, and others.

In one of the directors' rooms we noticed portraits of Kingsley, Maurice, and Tom Hughes, painted by Lowes Dickinson, and Charles Kingsley's chair is also there. On this first floor are the offices of the many departments in connection with the business.

On the second floor, a suite of six editorial rooms is arranged in the front of the building, while other portions of the space are occupied by a "file" room, containing a copy of each work published by the Company, prospectus room, and various stock-rooms. The third floor will be occupied exclusively by stock.

On the ground floor, in addition to the entrance hall, waiting-rooms, and staircase, there are a stock-room, fitted with tiers of shelves, estimated to hold one million and a quarter books; packing-rooms for town, country, colonial, foreign and presentation departments. These rooms adjoin the covered yard, which runs through from St. Martin's Street to Whitcomb Street. In this yard vans will load and unload to or from three spacious hydraulic lifts. The basement is occupied entirely with stock, and is fitted with shelves estimated to hold three million volumes.

The business portion of the premises is entered from Whitcomb Street, the trade entrance being at the extreme south of the building, which will also be the entrance for the clerks and those having business to transact with the various departments.

In addition to the business part of the premises a house is provided at the corner of Blue Cross and Whitcomb Streets for the caretaker. In this house, on the first floor, a handsome directors' luncheon-room is provided, which is panelled in oak with beamed ceiling. Throughout the building oak has been used for all joinery, doors, wainscots, window frames, etc., and every portion of the premises is heated by hot water and lighted by electricity.

It may be interesting to note that five miles of electric light wire have been used, while for the speaking tubes, which are fitted in all rooms and warehouses, four tons of tubing have been fitted. For the shelves in the stock departments sixty tons of timber have been cut up, and one million bricks have been laid in the construction of the building.

The freehold site consists of 11,000 square feet, with frontages of 99 feet in St. Martin's Street, 106 feet in Whitcomb Street, and 26 feet in Blue Cross Street.

There are fireproof doors throughout the premises, and hydrants are provided in case of any breaking out of fire.

We visited the house again after the removal, and the transformation was certainly marvellous. In the two days during which business was suspended the ground and first floor were stocked and furnished, and the basement was being rapidly filled. We can only hope that other publishers are having as good a time as Macmillan and Co., for the packing rooms late in the day of Wednesday were still a scene of bustle, although work had not been suspended before ten o'clock the previous night. Tennyson's Life was one of the leading lines in the orders, and the stacks of "Captains Courageous," Mrs. Molesworth's "Miss Mouse," and the first volume of Kipling's *edition de luxe* that were being turned out of the warehouse for publication on the following Friday, were evidence, at any rate, that the trade are doing all they can by their large purchases to convince Macmillan and Co. that their efforts to supply good sound literature will always be appreciated. For our part, we can only wish them the continued prosperity that their enterprise deserves. To the architect, Mr. Cash, we offer our sincere congratulations upon the erection of the handsomest publishing house in London, and we hope for his sake that many more commissions may be given him by other publishers.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

To the Editor of The Bookman.

Sir,—A writer in the October number of the *Fortnightly Review* professes to have discovered in *Amitié Amoureuse*, which is a novel in the form of letters published this year in Paris, part of the correspondence of Guy de Maupassant. The writer says, "I have accepted the general rumour in Paris, that Maupassant is the Philippe of this delightful correspondence; but, of course, as long as the real name is withheld from the public there is uncertainty." As I happen to know the lady who wrote *Amitié Amoureuse*, perhaps you will permit me to correct the supposition of the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*. She told me how she had set about writing her novel, and stated that the letters of Philippe were not the letters of Guy de Maupassant. Besides, the "rumour in Paris" is not that de Maupassant is Philippe, but that the authoress has availed herself of some of Guy de Maupassant's phrases. This, however, she also denies. I am aware that she was a friend of Guy de Maupassant. He was often in her mother's house, and she told me a good deal of his habits and of his conversation. In the book in question he is more than once described in letters addressed to the hero of the romance. Indeed, the internal evidence makes it clear that the letters from both sides are from the same hand. And that hand is a woman's For instance, letter xiii., which is from Denise to Philippe, informs Philippe that Guy de Maupassant came one day and played with the child of Denise. It goes on to give a minute account of everything he did. But on the supposition of the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, Philippe *is* Guy de Maupassant, which makes the letter ridiculous. The writer in the *Fortnightly Review* naively reproduces the whole scene, even mentioning Guy de Maupassant's name. Guy de Maupassant was no prig, but Philippe *is*. I suppose, too, Guy was no saint, but Philippe is quite passable. "Wonder upon wonder!" exclaims the writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, "is it really Maupassant to whom Denise writes hearing of Susanne's indiscretion?" Susanne had been making some improper advances, whereupon "la situation se complique." Then Denise feels grateful that nothing serious could have taken place, since Philippe was immaculate (dont je connais la délicatesse de sentiment). "Wonder upon wonder!" of course, if Philippe is Guy. But he isn't.

I would not have troubled you with this subject had the authoress of *Amitié Amoureuse* not sent me her book, and asked me to review it. Although I read it, I did not promise to review it. But I think it is at least fair, since the lady is unable to defend herself in English, to repeat what she had herself said as regards its origin. Of course, I do not lose sight of the fact that to suppose half of her work to be due to the pen of Guy de Maupassant is itself a high compliment.—Yours truly, Benjamin Swift.

25, *University Gardens, Glasgow*.
October 5th, 1897.

ADVICE ABOUT BOOKS.

ONE HUNDRED BEST BOOKS FOR A VILLAGE LIBRARY.

Although I have not been requested to suggest a list of a hundred best books for a village library, it so happens that I have long felt an interest in the subject, and have, at several times, considered how to make the best selection for the purpose. Consequently I cannot deem myself presumptuous in offering some remarks on the article of Mr. Clement K. Shorter in The Bookman for October, and in suggesting a modification of his list which, I think, may be an improvement.

It seems to me that the selection should be made in accordance with the following propositions:—

1. Book-reading is one of the means of education.

2. The proper aims of education are also the proper aims of book-reading, as far as it can subserve such aims.

3. The proper aims of education are—to cultivate and improve the faculties of body and mind, and to store the mind with useful knowledge, so as to fit the individual for making the best of life.

4. To these purposes, therefore, book-reading ought to be subsidiary.

5. It follows also that book-reading should not be regarded merely as an amusement or a pastime.

If these propositions be true, it must appear that a list which does not contain any books "merely of information" must be seriously deficient.

Mr. Shorter is careful to point out that the hundred best books for a village library are not necessarily the hundred best books in the language; but it is apparently needful also to remember that they are not those that happen to be comprised in an arbitrary definition of the term "literature."

To Mr. Shorter's definition of this term as a presentation of "life in an artistic form," must, I think, be added—the presentation of truth. To give to scientific discourses a literary or artistic form ought to be quite possible, and I believe, as a matter of fact, is often done. The sweeping assertion that "no man of science has ever been an artist," is one against which I feel bound to protest. Of the two men whom he names as examples, Huxley, in connection with his literary presentation of truth, is certainly entitled to be called an artist—a dictum which, I ought to add, is entirely independent of friendship. So, too, ought to be esteemed John Tyndal, Sir W. R. Grove, R. A. Proctor, and Sir R. S. Ball. These are only a few examples from our own country, but does Mr. Shorter deny that Goethe was an artist? And does any one assert that he was not a man of science?

It is easy to understand the tendency in human nature to overestimate the value and importance of those subjects to which we have devoted our attention with cost of money, time, and pains, and to depreciate others of which we know either little or nothing. But we must beware of such an error in choosing books for a variety of other people, and we should think of their needs as well as their wants. They should have the opportunity of a wider and more beneficent culture than Mr. Shorter's list would afford. And if only a very small proportion of the readers should avail themselves of the books of information, that would be justification enough for their admission into the list. Nay, if they were not read at all for years (which is incredible), but only occasionally looked into, they would not be useless. Some intelligent person—a youth most probably—might, sooner or later, find in them the bread his soul was hungering for, and he might thereby be enabled to discover his life's vocation. And it is quite conceivable that if the novel which a reader wants may happen to be out, he may be induced to take, reluctantly perhaps, Clodd's "Story of Creation," Laing's "Modern Science and Modern Thought," or Huxley's "Physiology," and for the rest of his life may bless the day on which he did so.

In suggesting the following books as needful for a village library, I do not mean that they should be simply added to Mr. Shorter's hundred, but that they should be substituted for a corresponding number in his list that can best be spared.

Even with this emendation, the reasonable claims of relaxation and recreation have not been forgotten, but it should be remembered that true recreation depends quite as much upon diversion as upon mere amusement.

W. Fleming Phillips.

List of books to be added to Mr. Shorter's selection for a village library, instead of an equal number to be removed.

1. The Story of Creation. By E. Clodd.
2. Modern Science and Modern Thought. By S. Laing.
3. Lessons in Elementary Astronomy. By Proctor.
4. School Manual of Geology. By Jukes-Brown. Or the smaller text-book of either of the Geikies.
5. Elementary Lessons in Botany. By Oliver.
6. Lessons in Physiology. By Huxley.
7. Physiography. By Huxley.
8. Lessons in Logic. By Jevons.
9. Elementary Physics. By Everett, or Balfour Stewart.
10. Elementary Chemistry. By Ramsay.
11. Elementary Biology. By Campbell.
12. Hygiene. By Dr. Whitelegge. Or Public Health. By Dr. Willoughby.
13. The Personal Care of Health. By Dr. E. Parkes.
14. My Schools and Schoolmasters. By Hugh Miller.
15. Cassell's Concise Cyclopædia.
16. This World of Ours. By Arnold-Forster.
17. The Laws of Every Day Life. By Arnold-Forster.
18. The Citizen Reader. By Arnold-Forster.
19. The Science of Every Day Life. By J. A. Bower.
20. A good, small, recent Geographical Atlas.
21. A good practical book of lessons on Drawing. (Ruskin's Elements of Drawing is not practical enough, and in some respects is out of date.)
22. Shakespeare's Plays in one volume.

The books that I suggest should be removed from Mr. Shorter's list in order to make room for the above-mentioned works are numbered by him as follows :—

No. 4, 6, 8, 11, 13, 14, 15, 27, 30, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37, 41, 57, 62, 64, 75, 93, 94, 99.

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article in THE BOOKMAN of October on the choice of books for a village library, and as I have been librarian to one ever since 1875, I think a few words of my experience may be useful.

During all these years I have given out the books myself, and have taken every opportunity of finding out what books are wished for. The village is small (600 inhabitants), but the people are fond of reading, and fairly intelligent, and although the library has been open twenty-two years, the average number keeps about the same, and most of the subscribers take out fresh books each week. After this long experience I have come to the following conclusions. Short histories (such as Green's) are liked, but anything like Motley's "Dutch Republic," Bryce's "Roman Empire," or Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" would not be read. Poetry is *never taken out.* Some biographies are liked, also bright, interesting books of travels. Novels and stories are the most popular, and I think it a good sign that really good novels are liked the best. Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, C. Brontë, Stevenson, Miss Yonge, are most popular, but I fear the rural mind would never appreciate the satire in "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels," etc., while Goethe's "Faust" and Dante's works would never be understood. Village intellects are not so quick as town ones, and take much longer to grasp the full inner meaning of a subject. I believe the list of a hundred books given in your number might be a good one for a town workmen's library, but not at all suitable for a village one.

ELLIS FANE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. (Belfast).—(1) A good concordance has been published lately by Messrs. T. and T. Clark, edited by Moulton and Geden. (2) The best New Testament Grammar is that of Winer, edited by Moulton. (3) We do not know. (4) There is, we believe, a good history of the Church up to the time of Constantine by Professor Adeney, published by the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Hill.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.*

STARTED by Mr. Frederick Greenwood in 1880, when the *Pall Mall Gazette,* which he had edited from its commencement in '65, was turned into a Liberal organ, the *St. James's Gazette* claims to continue the traditions of the paper "written for gentlemen by gentlemen." Its continuity of principle and method is in striking contrast to the kaleidoscopic changes of the *Pall Mall.* During the seventeen years of its existence, the *St. James's* has had but two editors, as against the *Pall Mall's* five for the same period. When Mr. Greenwood relinquished the editorship in '88, he was succeeded by Mr. Sidney Low, who since '83 had written largely for the *Gazette,* as well as for the *Standard,* the *Saturday Review,* and other Conservative journals. Born in '57, Mr. Low graduated at Oxford, where he was a Scholar of Balliol, and studied for the Bar. He lectured for the University Extension Society '82-83, and '83-86 was on the staff at King's College as assistant to Professor Gardiner. In '84, in conjunction with the late Professor F. S. Pulling, he produced that useful work, "The Dictionary of English History." Himself a facile and versatile writer, Mr. Low holds that an editor should be able and willing to "do anything." He writes leaders, notes, and reviews, and occasionally even takes a turn at special descriptive work; he frequently put in an appearance at the meetings of the South Africa Commission, and is a familiar figure in the lobby and gallery of the House of Commons. Mr. Sidney Low's chief assistant is Mr. Hugh Chisholm, a young Oxford man, who was called to the Bar, but five or six years ago took to journalism, and joined the *St. James's.* He does leaders, special articles, and a good deal of reviewing; in the absence of his chief he takes charge of the paper. Both Mr. Sidney Low and Mr. Chisholm are frequent contributors to the leading reviews. Many well-known literary men, including Andrew Lang, Edmund Gosse, H. D. Traill, and Professor Saintsbury, have from time to time contributed to the leader, review, or other columns of the *Gazette,* and Mr. Gosse continues to do much critical work for it. Mr. David Hannay, an expert on naval history, has been connected with the paper for a good many years, and writes many of the leaders. Another writer of leaders is Mr. J. R. Fisher, a barrister, and an active worker in London municipal politics. The news editor is Mr. James Watson, a Scotsman, who seceded with Mr. Greenwood from the *Pall Mall.* His principal assistant is Mr. F. R. Cana. Whilst the *Gazette* has its own representative in the House of Commons, certain M.P.'s contribute Parliamentary news and notes. The dramatic critic is Mr. T. Malcolm Watson (brother of Mr. G. L. Watson, of Glasgow, the well-known yacht designer); Mr. Sutherland Edwards is the musical critic; Mr. H. A. Kennedy deals with art, and Mr. Marcus B. Huish contributes notes on events in the art world. Miss O'Connor Eccles, an expert in cookery, supplies the "Woman's World" columns with occasional recipes and menus. The *Gazette* has various contributors and correspondents in foreign capitals. From Washington it occasionally receives despatches from the editor's brother, Mr. Maurice Low, a well-known and influential journalist in the United States. As Special Commissioner and occasional correspondent abroad, it has a very useful contributor in Mr. Arthur Shadwell, who is great at investigating all matters of fact, and has lately been explaining Canadian politics in the *Gazette* and the *National Review.* To the *St. James's* belongs the credit of having been the first paper to give an opening to some well-known literary men. It discovered Mr. Barrie, and at least helped to discover Mr. Kipling, and it made known the talent of that clever young writer, Mr. Pett Ridge, whose sketches and dialogues have attracted a good deal of attention during the past year or two. The *St. James's* has lately been providing itself with new machinery and effecting other improvements. Four and occasionally five editions are published daily. Though it has been modernised in many ways, it still retains the wide columns and sixteen comparatively small pages, resembling those of the high-class weekly reviews, which were the characteristic make-up of the *Pall Mall* from the beginning. The head of the printing department is Mr. Ebenezer Southcott. Mr. Wolf recently succeeded Mr. Mayo Gunn, who was for many years business manager. Mr. J. G. J. Penderel-Brodhurst, who was one of the assistant editors of the *Gazette* '88-93, has for the past three or four years edited the *St. James's Budget.*

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

The vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Arthur R. Gowing, of the parliamentary corps of the *Daily News,* has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Arthur E. Copping, who for several years has been connected with the general reporting staff of that newspaper. He has often given proofs of his exceptional journalistic ability, and on several occasions he has acted as special correspondent to the *Daily News,* notably in connection with the recent visits to this country of those picturesque personalities Li Hung Chang and King Chulalongkhorn of Siam.

As the *Times* is no longer to do the Hansard report of proceedings in Parliament, intimation has been made to two of the reporters on its gallery staff that their services will not be required next session.

For the Press Club premises at Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, Sir Edward Lawson has been good enough to supply free of charge, from the machinery of the *Daily Telegraph,* the current necessary to light the club by electricity. The expenses in connection with the renovation, etc., of the club, amount to about £200, the cost of which is being defrayed by the members.

The editor-proprietor of the *Rocket,* Mr. W. H. Bingham Cox, is about to enlarge and extend the scope of this weekly, which has now been issued for over a year. One of the new features which commence this month (Nov.) will be the issue of full-page coloured plates in connection with the journal.

Another new aspirant for popular weekly favour is *The Rival,* which is conducted by Mr. W. Bayfield and Mr. Murray. Its pictorial posters have been conspicuous of late.

Mr. Fawcett and Mr. Weldon, of the *Morning Post,* have received the Turkish war medal; and Lady Glenesk has been decorated with the Chefakit Order of the second class.

Mr. W. H. Spence, who has edited the *Aberdeen Weekly Free Press* for three and a half years, has joined the staff of *To-Day,* in London. He began his career on the *Elgin Courant,* and after five years became editor of the *Ross-shire Journal.* Removing to London, Mr. Spence contributed to periodicals, including the *Contemporary Review.* On the death of Dr. William Alexander ("Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk") in 1884, he returned to Aberdeen. Among his contributions to the *Free Press* are several serials.

Mr. James Nicol Dunn, the new editor of the *Morning Post,* spent a portion of his annual holiday with Mr. Thomas Hardy at Dorchester.

Mr. J. A. Hammerton has relinquished the editorship of the *Nottingham Daily Express* for that of the *Birmingham Weekly Post.* His "Actor's Art" has proved a distinct success.

Mr. R. J. Michie has succeeded Mr. T. H. Barrow as editor of the *Western Morning News.* Mr. Barrow has become part-proprietor of the *Stroud News.*

Mr. G. H. Grundy has resigned the editorship of the *Eastern Evening Herald* and the *Ipswich Journal.*

The Northamptonshire Publishing Company on October 4th commenced a new daily, the *Evening Telegraph,* for Kettering, Wellingborough, etc. Mr. T. Collings is editor; Mr. F. Fry, formerly of Rushden, and Mr. Frank Hutchen are sub-editors. The Rev. F. Cunliffe has left the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Walgrave for a literary position on the paper.

Several changes have just taken place in the staffs of Lincolnshire newspapers. Mr. F. Treavett, who for twelve years held an appointment on the *Lincoln Gazette,* has joined the *Welshman,* Carmarthen; Mr. Bramham, Leeds, has joined the *Lincoln Leader;* Mr. Harman has left the *Market Rasen Mail* for the *Lincolnshire Echo;* whilst Mr. Alfred Martin has parted from the *Echo* to take up the management of the *Eastern Daily Telegraph,* Grimsby.

Mr. S. Parkinson, for more than twenty years chief reporter of the *Yorkshire Herald,* is about to retire from active work.

Mr. F. E. W. Binns, Wolverhampton, until recently editor of the *Montgomeryshire Express,* Newtown, has become one of the sub-editors of the *Bradford Observer.* He was formerly on the staff of the *Independent and Nonconformist* and the *Christian World.*

Mr. Frederick Curtis, for many years editor and part-proprietor of the *Brighton Gazette,* died at Brighton on October 10th.

Mr. J. Lloyd Evans (Warwick), Mr. A. S. Applebee (Stratford-on-Avon), and Mr. F. J. Hopper have been elected chairman, vice-chairman, and honorary secretary, respectively, of the Warwick, Leamington, Rugby, and Stratford-on-Avon sub-district of the Institute of Journalists, for the ensuing year.

Sir J. A. Willox and Lady Willox have received many evidences of the gratification of Liverpool pressmen at the honour of knighthood recently conferred upon the popular editor of the *Liverpool Courier.* On October 2nd the companionships of the *Courier* and the *Express* presented to Lady Willox an illuminated address and an enlarged monochrome picture of Woolton Convalescent Home, with which Lady Willox has long been identified. On October 7th Sir J. A. Willox was entertained to dinner by members of the Junior Conservative Club. The public presentation is to take the form of a portrait of himself, which is now being painted, a jewel for Lady Willox, and an illuminated address.

Mr. Maurice Windus has accepted the editorship of a daily about to be started at Colombo, Ceylon. He was for some time in America, and has been associated with the *Exeter Daily Gazette, Western Morning News, Ipswich Journal,* and (as editor) *Leicester Daily Express.*

Mr. F. J. Hopper, sub-editor of the *Leamington Courier,* has been appointed Leamington correspondent to the *Birmingham Daily Argus.*

Councillor J. Lloyd Evans, who is spoken of as the probable successor of the Earl of Warwick as mayor of the borough, is editor and part-proprietor of the *Warwick Advertiser.*

A new evening paper is being started at Cambridge by Mr. J. Taylor, who was formerly managing-editor of the *Cambridge Daily News.*

The *Western Chronicle* at Yeovil is making most satisfactory progress under the new proprietary. The paper was recently enlarged, and still further improvements are contemplated.

By the death of Mr. James Spilling the editorship of the *Eastern Daily Press* and the associated journals devolves upon Mr. Archie Cozens-Hardy, who was appointed assistant editor a few months back. Mr. Cozens-Hardy, who received his journalistic training on the *Star,* is a nephew of Mr. J. J. Colman, the chairman of the *Norfolk News* Company. From the *Norfolk News* office are issued a penny morning paper, a halfpenny evening, a twopenny weekly, and a penny weekly.

Mr. Samuel Gosling, who is at present the manager of the *Evening Herald* at Ipswich, has been appointed manager of the *Southern Mail* at Portsmouth by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, the managing-director. Mr. Gosling will enter upon the duties ot his new position in the middle of this month.

Provincial journalism has lost a prominent and interesting figure by the death, on October 15th, of Alderman Charles Willmer, of Birkenhead. In 1832 he was apprenticed to his uncle, the late Mr. Edward Wllimer, proprietor of the *Liverpool Chronicle* and the *European Times.* In '53 he started the *Northern Daily Times,* one of the first dailies published out of London. In about seven years this paper was sold, and became a Conservative organ, but did not long survive the change Mr. Willmer also started a halfpenny evening paper called *Events,* said to be the first halfpenny daily published in the United Kingdom. In '61 Mr. Willmer acquired the *Chester Observer,* in conjunction with Mr. F. Whitty, proprietor of the *Liverpool Daily Post,* but shortly afterwards withdrew from the *Observer.* About 1870 Mr. Willmer established the *Liberal Review,* now the *Liverpool Review,* which has for a long time been edited by his son, Mr. C. W. Willmer. The *Birkenhead News* was subsequently started by Mr. Willmer's firm.

The first bi-weekly newspaper published in Berks, Bucks, or Oxon has just been issued by Mr. Charles Slaughter, who represents this district on the Council of the Journalists' Institute, proprietor of the *Reading Observer.*

Mr. William Scott has just retired from the editorship of the *Southport Visitor,* which position he has filled for twelve years, and he will retain his connection with the paper in another capacity. The editorship of the *Visitor,* which is a tri-weekly paper, has been taken over by Mr. R. Lewis James, formerly of the *Accrington Gazette.*

Mr. W. Barron Brightwell, who for the last eighteen years has been editor of the *Birmingham Weekly Post,* will in future devote himself entirely to the literary and artistic departments of the *Birmingham Daily Post,* in which he has always taken an important share, and which are now undergoing further development.

The staff of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* are bringing out, under the editorship of Mr. W. Curtayne Sullivan, a volume of selections from the popular and characteristic column of local gossip which, under the title of "Table Talk by Robin Goodfellow," has been a weekly feature of the *Mail* for the last quarter of a century. Mr. Gould, the caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette,* on hearing of the proposed publication, offered to furnish a frontispiece. The drawing he sent was a caricature of Mr. Chamberlain as a fox. As the picture, though clever, might have been taken to be uncomplimentary, it would never have done to publish it in the Mecca of Chamberlain worship.

The staff of the *Daily Argus* (Birmingham) has undergone some changes recently. Mr. C. A. Cornish, who succeeded Mr. A. Roe (now of Manchester) as chief reporter, is now chief sub-editor in succession to Mr. Derwent, who is taking special control of the circulation department. Mr. Clucas, the sporting editor, now superintends the reporting arrangements. The reporting staff has been enlarged, all the new appointments having been given to journalists already practising in the district. The principal special feature of the *Argus,* the Saturday night "Sports" edition (in which all the general matter gives place to special sporting articles and reports) has been an extraordinary success.

Mr. Joel, late manager of the *Lancashire Standard,* has removed to Morecambe to undertake the editorship of the *Morecambe Visitor.* He is succeeded at Lancaster by Mr. Phillips, formerly of Sheffield, and till recently editor of the *Standard,* who now fills both offices.

Mr. John Oakley was entertained to dinner by the Stockport pressmen on October 8th, in connection with his removal to Sheffield to an important position upon the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

WALES.

The Cardiff Conference has been a "record" Conference. Although the hospitality shown by the Cardiff people to their journalistic visitors was unparalleled both in extent and variety, the local reception committee have still a considerable sum of money in hand. They have voted £50 to Mr. Edward Parker, the secretary, as an acknowledgment of his indefatigable services, which of course extended over several months, and £10 to Miss Parker, on whom a great deal of the clerical work fell, and who was especially helpful on the ladies' committee; and after satisfying all claims there remains a credit balance of £70, which will doubtless be handed over to the Orphan Fund as soon as the formal consent of the subscribers has been obtained.

The editor of a South Wales weekly has resigned his position because the paper was controlled by a board of twelve directors, including a grocer, a draper, and a lawyer, each of whom claimed to decide what should go in and what should be left out of the paper each week.

SCOTLAND.

The *Peterhead Sentinel*, a weekly established in 1856, has changed hands. For many years it was conducted by Mr. David Scott. The new proprietors are understood to have purchased the copyright of the paper and the heritable property and fixed machinery at the reduced upset price of £1,000.

It is rumoured that a halfpenny daily is to be started in Aberdeen by Messrs. Harmsworth. With a population of less than 140,000, the city already has two penny morning dailies, two evening papers, and four weeklies.

Mr. Archibald Gillies, late editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*, has resigned his position as a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists.

Messrs. Harmsworth have indefinitely postponed the issue of their projected weekly paper for Scotland in connection with the Glasgow *Daily Record*. The recently inaugurated special edition of the *Daily Record* for Edinburgh and the North of Scotland has proved a great success.

IRELAND.

Very deep regret has been caused throughout journalistic circles in Ireland by the death of Mr. James Colhoun, proprietor of the *Londonderry Sentinel*, and "father" of the Irish press. Mr. Colhoun, who was in his eighty-fifth year, had been connected with the *Sentinel* since its establishment in 1829. He was a staunch and lifelong advocate of the rights of journalism, and two years ago was President of the Ulster District of the Institute of Journalists.

Another new paper has been started in Belfast—the *Northern Star*. It is a weekly, and has been called into existence to champion Nationalism as against Catholicism in the municipal affairs of the northern capital. Its editor is Mr. McCarthy, late of the London *Sun*.

Some time ago the *Daily Nation* was established to champion the cause of Mr. Healy against Mr. Dillon and the *Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Healy wields a mordant pen, and is a very able journalist, but it is said that he has not written a line for the *Daily Nation* since it started. Why? That is the journalistic puzzle of the Irish metropolis at present.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. MEREDITH'S POETRY.*

There is no reason to quarrel with Mr. Meredith's selection from his poetry. We may miss a few favourite pieces, but there is hardly a characteristic note it does not sound. His compass in poetry is less than in prose, but there are depths that have never been made manifest save in his verse. In prose he has touched the tragic sometimes, but rather shyly; his desires and interests are all far removed from the wild and the frenzied. The morbid is to him forbidding and accurst; and though there is a good deal of wholesome cant spoken of the sanity of the great reflectors of the human kind, the tragedians have always looked over the borders of the sane and dwelt there for a space. Only in his poetry, and that seldom, does he ever grapple with the abnormal, the dark and terrible; and if "The Nuptials of Attila" be a fine experiment in this, "The Song of Theodolinda" is a great and singular achievement. This passionate outburst of religious frenzy is the one real glimpse of the terrible he shares with us.

"Queen Theodolind has built
In the earth a furnace-bed;
There the Traitor Nail that spilt
Blood of the anointed Head,
Red of heat, revolves in shame:
White of heat, awakes to flame.
Beat, beat! white of heat,
Red of heat, beat, beat!

. . . .

Brand me, bite me, bitter thing!
Thus he felt, and thus I am
One with him in suffering.

. . . .

Now am I, who bear that stamp
Scorched in me, the living sign
Sole on earth—the lighted lamp
Of the dreadful day divine.

. . . .

Strike it as the ages crush
Towers! for while a shape is seen
I am rivalled. Quench its blush,
Devil! But it crowns me Queen,
Red of heat, as none before,
White of heat, the circlet wore."

It is of far other things he elsewhere sings, though of the strife behind the kindly veil of Nature he tells in "The Woods of Westermain." The common refreshment of earth and sky is his best inspiration. He is above all the poet of the woods—

"No Paradise is lost for them
Who foot by branching root and stem,
And lightly with the woodland share
The change of night and day."

He loves the cheery, the grateful, the young, the unconscious things; for music, the lark's song—

"The song seraphically free
From taint of personality."

He is the sincerest observer; not Tennyson was more so. But his is too often the slow, cumulative effect of the naturalist rather than the vision-flash of the artist. There is excellent stuff, for instance, in such a poem as "The South-Wester," but it is a laborious pleasure you get from it. Yet after enduring much, out of respect to a man who never writes a line of sounding rubbish, you are rewarded by bursts of genuine lyric beauty, lines that paint once and for ever the Nature-sensitive—

"The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew";

unforgettable pictures, like that of the sunset-star—

"Remote, not alien; still, not cold;
Unraying yet, more pearl than star;
She seems awhile the vale to hold
In trance, and homelier makes the far";

happy verses, like the song to water, "Water, first of singers," in "Phœbus with Admetus"; like those that sing the sweetest of all country girls, the morning-light maiden of "Love in the Valley"—

"Deals she an unkindness, 'tis but her rapid measure,
Even as in a dance; and her smile can heal no less;
Like the swinging May-cloud that pelts the flowers with hailstones
Off a sunny border, she was made to bruise and bless."

But if his verse have that much desired thing, a "message," it is not a call merely to the woodland, but a warning to the sensitive idealist, that wisdom does not grow rich in green fields alone, or in the press of men alone—

"It hangs for those who hither, thither fare,
Close interthreading nature with our kind."

There never was a less languorous, a robuster poet. The common, healthy man would heartily approve him if he would but make his speech a little plainer—for though he mostly drops his mannerisms in verse, his syntax is often maddening. He hates the "totter-kneed," the whiners, "who feed upon a breast unthanked." His belief in brains, "Sky of the senses!" in the delight of struggle, in manly, clear-eyed acquiescence with the trend of things, is as visible in his verse as in his prose. He has not, as some prose writers have done, used verse for the expression of his feebler, sicklier hours. Sanity amidst beauty, courage amid the ruin of it, is for him earth's secret.

"We fall, or view our treasures fall,
Unclouded, as beholds her flowers
Earth, from a night of frosty wreck,
Enrobed, in morning's mounted fire,
When lowly, with a broken neck,
The crocus lays her cheek to mire."

A. M.

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* "Selected Poems." By George Meredith. 6s. net. (A. Constable and Co.)

THE ENGLISH BENEDICTINES.*

Mr. Taunton's work is a sketch, not a full history, and may be divided into a large and rapid survey of the Benedictines as they lived down to the age of the Reformation, and a minute description, going into no little detail, of their fortunes, since they were driven out of England and came back thither. It is founded on printed books in the first volume, which, however, contains a most valuable abstract of the "Consuetudinary," or "Daily Rule," of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, derived from the manuscript stores of Mr. Edmund Bishop. The second volume depends largely upon evidence hitherto not printed, or not accessible, and furnishes the only authentic story of the monks who lived abroad, and from whom the present English houses trace their origin. Much idle legend has been dissipated by Mr. Taunton's researches, many points left dark are now cleared up, and in the perplexed quarrellings which ruined the prospects of Catholicism at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, as under James I. and Charles I., the historian holds a balance which does not waver. He is candid, painstaking, moderate, and outspoken, not imputing evil motives, although attached to his Benedictines, and at length summing up on their side. His account of the mission to England in Charles I.'s time, of Dom Leander and Gregorio Panzani, adds a curious chapter which is not generally known. It deserves careful reading.

Undoubtedly the most original, as it is the most fascinating, picture drawn in these volumes, is that of John Fecknam, some time Dean of St. Paul's, and last Abbot of Westminster. The sixty pages bestowed on him are none too many, and if Mr. Taunton would make him the subject of a book, it would, I think, receive an eager welcome. This learned, pious, gentle-hearted, and most constant martyr of the faith that was in him is one of England's worthies, bearing with equal mind good fortune and bad, saving others from the fire of Smithfield, protesting against persecution, and an intercessor on behalf of Lady Jane Grey, as well as of the Princess Elizabeth, who requited his kind endeavours by keeping him a prisoner until his death. Had Mr. Taunton accomplished no more by his long studies than the rescue of Abbot Fecknam from oblivion, he would have deserved well of letters and history.

But he has done much more. To an acquaintance, by no means common, with the spirit and purpose of the Rule of St. Benedict (from which, it is said, Franklin borrowed hints for the Constitution of the United States), he has joined a knowledge, almost equally rare, of the documents in which its true history is contained. At certain critical turnings he owes much to Dom Gasquet, who has finally scattered to the winds that huge cloud of calumny which hung over English monasticism; and in the popular pages of Froude we shall no longer think we are reading aught except romance. It would have been well had Mr. Taunton written a judicious summary of the points on which Mr. Froude has over-coloured, and the lines which he has distorted, in his account of St. Alban's monks. And we could have listened with pleasure to the chronicle of some one great house, whether Bury St. Edmunds or Glaston, so far as the particulars can yet be made out. However, this may perhaps be in store for us. The few pages dealing with "alien priories" are evidence that Mr. Taunton would not shrink from touching upon abuses in the monastic system with a firm hand. He strikes an estimate of what the old English monks were which is borne out by good evidence; and in an easy style, with clear sense, and in a spirit of equity, he describes these men, "who have played no mean part in the making of England." His Wilfrid, Bennet Biscop, Aldhelm, Dunstan, Lanfranc, are worthy to be known; and his delineation of daily life in the monastery is taken from sources which cannot be refuted, while it adds, on the whole, an exquisite human page to our remembrance of "the days that are no more." WILLIAM BARRY.

ST. IVES.†

It would have gone hard with the man who should have attempted to complete "Weir of Hermiston." But it was neither an irreverent nor an impossible task to draw "St. Ives" to a fitting close. If this had to be done, Mr. Quiller-Couch was evidently the man to do it. In the last chapters there is no falling off in vigour or ability, and the balloon episode is as entertaining as any in the book. We wonder if the outline supplied by Mrs. Strong contained anything of the impressive story of the voyage of the Cornishmen to America, who "betrayed England to her honour." The editor of "The Story of the Sea" has much sea-lore; the author of "The Delectable Duchy" loves us to know the serious and imaginative people of his county. We feel sure we owe the tale to Q.; and it is one Stevenson would have liked to hear.

To say that there is no irreverence in finishing "St. Ives" means it is not his best work. It does drag now and again as a story; there are no very outstanding characters in it. The magnanimous ruffian Goguelat, whom St. Ives killed in fair fight with a pair of scissors, is fine; but he is a mere episode. Yet it is a book with a temperament, and that unmistakeably Stevenson's. Occasionally he even caricatures himself and his preference for the lively over the stodgy; and we have a suspicion that when St. Ives clasps his arm about the grim Dudgeon's waist, and makes him dance down the hill to the tune of "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," the high spirits hide a rather tired invention. But there is a delightfully characteristic and perfectly sincere sample of this humour in the contrast, made during St. Ives' march into England, between the dull, unimaginative herdsmen and their dogs. "Beautiful, indefatigable beings. As I saw them at the end of a long day's journey, frisking, barking, playing to the spectator's eye, manifestly rejoicing in their grace and beauty—and turned to observe Sim and Candlish unornamentally plodding in the rear, with the plaids about their bowed shoulders and the drop at their snuffy nose—I thought I would rather claim kinship with the dogs than with the men."

In his humorous delight in boys he is his own kindly self. Rowley, the young valet, is as much a treasure to us as he was to the hunted young French nobleman: loyal and deft and willing he would always have been; but when he realised his master's black prospects he was in the seventh heaven of joy. "To be the servant and companion of a fugitive, a soldier, and a murderer rolled in one—to live by stratagems, disguises, and false names, in an atmosphere of midnight and mystery so thick that you could cut it with a knife—was really, I believe more dear to him than his meals, though he was a great trencherman." And when St. Ives and his lady's young brother, the beardless Ronald, meet, there is always entertainment. The modest youth's appetite for flattery is enormous, and he is never sent empty away. Before he gets his commission he is treated as a mighty warrior, as a kind of chivalrous tiger, in fact. With Flora, by the way, we are never convinced that St. Ives was in love, though he ran many thrilling risks to get a word of her. And that, too, is particularly Stevensonian. To him love was nothing more than an incitement to an amusing adventure journey. The charming Flora, whom he sought, and the villain and spy Alain, whom he avoided, are both a little unreal; but they are the starting-post and goal of a delightful chase.

FRANCIS OF ASSISI.*

Canon Knox Little confesses frankly that his volume is "based" upon certain Lenten lectures which he delivered at Worcester last year. He goes on to say "the book bears, I fear, the inevitable marks of its first form." It certainly does exhibit the defects, as well as some of the merits of this origin. There are telling bits of eloquent description, like the picture of autumn in Umbria. And throughout the preacher's voice can be heard enforcing the spiritual lessons of his theme. But the Canon's pulpit rhetoric reads poorly as literature. We grow weary of a style so verbose, and sometimes so slipshod. The frequent repetitions were not "inevitable" in a work of this size and pretension, any more than the uncorrected mistakes in grammar (*cf.* pp. 26, 38, and 81), or sentences like "Dropsy supervened on other things" (p. 261), or "There was a celebrated Duns Scotus" (p. 312). Canon Knox Little is sufficiently master of English when he chooses; but on the style of this book he has unfortunately not chosen to bestow much pains.

We are obliged to add that the matter of the work is equally unsatisfactory. The author claims to have formed an independent judgment from original authorities. But he shows no just sense of the relative value of his various sources, and relies constantly on works so uncritical as Wadding's "Annals of the Minorites," which is two centuries old, and Suysken's Commentary in the "Acta Sanctorum." Indeed, we have the amazing admission that while M. Sabatier is "far the best modern biographer of St. Francis," Canon Knox Little only became acquainted with his "invaluable" Life when his own sheets were almost through the press this summer. M. Sabatier's "Vie de S. François" was published at the end of 1893, was widely reviewed in England within a few months, and has since been translated into English. It is difficult to realize how any serious student of St. Francis could go ignorant of that work of monumental research, which is simply indispensable to a right understanding of the saint. After this we are not surprised that Canon Knox Little's chapter on the influence of St. Francis upon Literature and Art makes no reference to Dr. Thode's learned treatise "Franz von Assisi, und die Anfang der Kunst der Renaissence in Italien." But he cannot seriously mean to endorse the absurd dictum "Without Francis, no Dante" (p. 292). Though Dante has a special veneration for Francis, he himself shows few traces of the characteristic Franciscan temper and impulse. Except for some half-casual, half-contemptuous allusions to common people, the *Divina Commedia* hardly so much as refers to the poor.

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* "The English Black Monks of St. Benedict." By Rev. Ethelred L. Taunton. In Two Volumes. (London: John C. Nimmo.) 1897.

† "St. Ives: Being the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England." By Robert Louis Stevenson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "Francis of Assisi, his Times, Life, and Work." By J. W. Knox Little, M.A., Canon Residentiary of Worcester. (Isbister and Co.) 10s. 6d.

Nevertheless we predict that this volume, with all its faults, will obtain considerable popularity, and even prove of real service. The charm of Francis refuses to be effaced by the eloquent prolixity of his panegyrist. Ordinary readers, who care more for edification than for accuracy, will catch the ardours of Canon Knox Little's genuine devotion to a beautiful and saintly life, and will learn for themselves to admire one of the rarest and noblest characters which the world has seen.

T. H. DARLOW.

SABATIER'S PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.*

In this stimulating volume, written with French felicity of language, excellently preserved in the translation, and with the beauty of a devout soul, it is a veteran thinker who views with sympathy not unmixed with compassion the recruits who must defend the frontier he has pushed forward, and who seeks to impart to them a clear knowledge of the position he has gained. "Who, at the close of his secret meditations, on the confines of his knowledge, at the end of his affections, of the joys he has tasted, of the trials he has endured, has not seen rising before him the religious question—I mean the mysterious problem of his destiny? Of all questions it is the most vital. Men may be turned from it for a time by manifold distractions and by a sense of powerlessness to solve the question, but it is impossible that they should not return to it. Has life a meaning? Is it worth living? Our efforts, have they an end?" He believes that he can help the rising generation by pointing out a way of escape from the dire alternative, either science without religion or religion without science. This he accomplishes by reducing Christianity to its essentials, and by stripping it of all that science can assail. Religion is a necessity for man, and Christianity is the absolute and final religion, because it brings God and man together in their true relation. Men are Christians in so far as the filial love of God which distinguished Christ is reproduced in them. Of course an exposition of religion on these lines will not satisfy the metaphysician. It proceeds on the Ritschlian theory of knowledge, and does not enquire into the nature of Christ, nor even ask how it came to pass that He possessed that perfect filial consciousness. But so far as it goes there is much to be learned from this essay, and individual remarks or single passages, such as the treatment of Revelation, are weighty and suggestive. Besides, it is on these lines that many will find, if not perfect enlightenment, at least a practical resting place and true fellowship with Christ. As already said, the translation is excellent, but why stumble the English reader with such forms as "Denis" for Dionysius, and "Eriginus" for our old friend Erigena?

MARCUS DODS.

WILLIAM MORRIS'S LAST ROMANCE.†

If we are to have nothing more from his pen, William Morris's last gift is a very gracious farewell. Since "The Earthly Paradise" he has written nothing so evenly charming. Birdalone is one of his most delightful heroines. She lives in the land of tapestry, of course; but we draw her down from among the foliage on the wall, and she smiles humanly, and we feel her sweet breath on us for a moment or two. When she has faded back to the wall again, we are not soon tired of looking at her and her companions.

It is a book that stands so many tests. Each time you take it up you feel the spell of its rhythm and the dignity of its wording. It is eminently quotable. Its archaisms are not cheap and flimsy. Why is it not a great book, then? Why does it leave only a dreamlike memory? Why is it that no one will read it through from cover to cover at a sitting, or be angry at the disturbance which should prevent this?

To read a portion is to read something remarkably like the good fairy tales that enchanted our youth, and that we return to with respect and wonder for the effective vigour of their simple art. To read the whole is to have a quite other impression. Perhaps part of the answer lies in the fact that Morris was saturated with the spirit of decorative art. Not life, but its symbols became his material. Date, climate, modifying circumstance were merged by him in general truth and beauty. You may apply this method to literature, in a ballad like "The Blue Closet," or as the fairy-tale makers did; but only briefly, with the brevity of a gaze at a picture, or of the glance that takes in the design of a panel. Morris forgot that, and kept us in the company of symbols and generalised human beings for hundreds of pages. It is not that his prose romances are too long, but that length disagrees with their model. Yet, read "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" leisurely and brokenly, and it is like rays of sunlight on old tapestry.

MR. HENLEY'S ESTIMATE OF BURNS.*

Admirers of Mr. Henley will be rather disappointed with the estimate of the life and genius of Burns with which the "Centenary" edition of that inspired "peasant's" works is brought to a close. His strength lies less in patient criticism—criticism of the kind and quality with which the name of the late Mr. R. H. Hutton is identified—than in energetic characterisation. His "Views and Reviews" is most delightful. To dip into it and read such things as "To be a good Briton a man must trade profitably, marry respectably, live cleanly, avoid excess, revere the established order, and wear his heart in his breeches-pocket, or anywhere but on his sleeve," affords as much entertainment as dropping into the smoking-room of a literary club at the witching hour and hearing its Aristarch at his best. Five or six pages of this sort of thing—few of the "Views" or "Reviews" run to more—are enlivening and even edifying, as good "emancipated" talk invariably is, however one may disagree with it. But it is difficult to keep up the energetic strain for a hundred pages, as Mr. Henley here tries to do. He is not perhaps to be greatly blamed, therefore, if he frequently repeats himself, and if his energy in characterisation degenerates into mere sibilation and browbeating. Does it not become something like insolence when he says of the Kirk of Scotland as it was in the year of Burns's birth that it was "largely occupied with the work of narrowing the minds, perverting the instincts, and enchaining the spiritual and social liberties of its subjects"? And is there not something worse than insolence in the allusion to the Bible in the Ayr monument with the handwriting of Burns in: "Little that is positive is known of Mary Campbell, except that she once possessed a copy of the Scriptures now very piously preserved at Ayr"? Besides, the bulk of what Mr. Henley here says he has said before. Burns was "specifically" a peasant, as Byron was "specifically" a peer —by the way, what are "new creations"?—and as Shakespeare was specifically a burgess. He was the King of the Scottish Vernacular Poets, the last of a dynasty, and in spite of the chorus to "The Jolly Beggars," he was ill at ease when writing English. Whoever says anything to the contrary is "a common Burnsite," etc., etc. In other words, Mr. Henley's essay is merely an elongation and aggravation of the preface to his first volume.

Although Mr. Henley has not said anything new of the genius of the poet—it is rather disappointing that he has not even attempted to give Burns his place in European literature —he has emphasised several features in the life of the man to which ordinarily some injustice is done. He defends Jean Armour against Robert Louis Stevenson and the more extreme (Highland) Mariolaters. His justification of the Fescennine element in certain of Burns's letters and poems is sound; in these Burns wrote—and wrote under what he believed to be the seal of secrecy—as one Crochallan Fencible to another. But Mr. Henley makes far too much of the Rabelaisian vein in Burns's rich nature, when he talks of "an inspired faun" and "a lewd amazing peasant of genius." He forgets the spiritual side of the man—his remorse, his conscience-worship, the struggle sustained to the end of his life to discipline his nature. His essay, therefore, failing to take notice of that side of Burns which above all others appeals to and has fascinated Scotland, will not take its place beside Carlyle's Essay, or even Wilson's, as one of the historical Burns appreciations, although it will be read, like Stevenson's, as a clever and (up to a certain point) enthusiastic *tour de force*. At present I say nothing of the other contents of this volume. Meanwhile I may point out one or two typical errors of fact in the Essay. Burns's father was never gardener to Earl Marischall at *Inveraray*, nor did Ramsay of Ochtertyre represent Burns as having said so to him. Ramsay wrote "Inverury" (in Aberdeenshire, the home of the Keiths) and meant "Inverugie." In his famous "Old Hawk" letter Burns does not write of Jean Armour. Currie was not "honest"; he has been proved to be absolutely dishonest, as in his misdating of Mrs. Dunlop's letters. Nor is he to be regarded as a trustworthy reporter of what Burns's medical attendant said. He affirmed that Burns before his death tried sea-bathing in wilful disobedience to his medical attendant, whereas it has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt that Burns took this course because his medical men insisted that he should do so "as he valued his life."

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* "Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion based on Psychology and History." By Auguste Sabatier, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology, Paris. Authorised translation by the Rev. T. A. Seed. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "The Water of the Wondrous Isles." By William Morris. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

* "The Poetry of Robert Burns." Edited by William Ernest Henley and Thomas T. Henderson. Vol. IV. (Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.) 1897.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE NEW GOLDEN TREASURY.*

Mr. Palgrave made for us the best of all Anthologies. In a world of imperfect things his first Golden Treasury must be called nearly perfect for its taste, and for its proportion. Perhaps the Elizabethans were not quite duly represented. But was there one serious fault of commission? To make such another out of what remained is impossible at this date. There are our great Victorian poets to enrich it, but with living ones whose work is not over it is difficult to deal, and there are always annoying copyright difficulties. So while the first series must be as valuable a hundred years hence as it is now, the second can only be made permanent by periodical weedings and additions. To read his humble preface is to be nearly disarmed of adverse criticism; the new book has cost three times the labour of the old; the difficulties have been enormous; he has no hope of pleasing any one reader altogether. Indeed, a just criticism must be mostly an acknowledgment that the book is a storehouse of delights. But it gives rise to some wonder.

Its plan is to include the poets of the Victorian age, with the exception of those represented in the first series, bringing the selection up as near as possible to the present day, omitting living singers unless their voices have long been silent. But some living poets do find a place, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Gerald Massey, Sir Lewis Morris, Mr. Frederick Tennyson, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, and Mr. Richard Wilton: concerning this last the ordinary reader would have liked some definite information. Now the perfect anthologist, if he handle the stuff of his contemporaries, should be a man not only of perfect taste, but quite devoid of the schoolmaster's ambition of making a selection representative of the tendencies and fashions of the time; he should never give way to the generous instinct of forcing into undue prominence what had been unduly neglected; he should stifle all impulses of private friendship. We cannot presume to say Mr. Palgrave has committed the two last amiable faults, but he has stumbled in his taste. I do not think that a fair judgment of such a book should too much insist on omissions. Unless we are in the confidence of the compiler we cannot know what difficulties may account for the absence of the worthy. But one crying omission is Emily Brontë. Was her place in the first series? She is not there, nor is Beddoes. The exclusion of Lord de Tabley, of William Allingham, and George Eliot will be remarked by their admirers. It is no crime to omit Bourke Marston and Roden Noel, yet they have done better work than some that have been honoured. Clarence Mangan should certainly have had a place.

But it is quite fair to speak frankly on what has been let in. Did Monckton Milnes ever write any passable lines save

> "They went about their gravest deeds
> As noble boys at play"?

There are six of his lyrics here, including two with such astounding passages as

> "I cannot deem you wholly true,
> Nor wholly just what you have done";

and

> "This was not the work of days,
> But had gone on for years and years."

Lord Houghton was an interesting figure in the literary history of the century, but his verse should have retired by this time to a museum of Early Victorian furniture and sentiment. Arthur O'Shaughnessy deserved a place. He has got seventeen places, two of which he holds indisputably. The late Professor Romanes had an emotional nature which science never could satisfy, and which found outlet in metaphysics and verse-writing. The two samples of his verse given here are entirely without poetic value. The contributions of the Duke of Argyll, of Archbishop Trench, who actually ruins while plagiarising a great line into "O life, O death, O world, O time," are not even of average merit. Domett, Browning's "Waring," loses some of his romance for the ordinary reader who learns him the author of a dull Christmas Hymn.

For the rest, though Swinburne is not here, by no fault of Mr. Palgrave's, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Christina and Dante Rossetti, Barnes, Clough, and Matthew Arnold have been culled from liberally and with sympathy. It is their book, and by that fact a rich one.

A. M.

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS.*

We have met Mr. Kipling the educationist before now, but have never quailed under his eye for so long at a time. His latest story is addressed first to the young millionaire youth of America; but European youth with limited pocket-money cannot chuckle very loud, for some of them must certainly be included in the "unfortunate young people" who never in all their lives "received a direct order—never, at least, without long, and sometimes tearful, explanations of the advantages of obedience and the reasons for the request," and who are here warned by the tale of Harvey Cheyne, a soft-reared lad, taught the way he should go by hard living, hard work, and a rope's end. It is a new "Sandford and Merton." Harvey—the millionaire's heir, saved from drowning by a fishing schooner—we like, as we always liked Tommy. Dan is a still smugger Harry: the amount of moral advice and virtuous example which that young man gives out is appalling. Granted that the discipline of the rope's end and hard living made a man of the spoilt child of fortune, yet the fisherman's son had evidently been frightened by an earlier course of the same into an excellence of conduct and a self-righteousness as ruinous as it was disagreeable. Disko Troop is the Mr. Barlow of an unphilosophical end of the century—an admirable preceptor, but one who finds his fists a shorter way than arguments to the reason of youth. The story is a pæan to what seems to be the strongest conviction that Mr. Kipling holds—the value of strict unreasoning discipline. It is a conviction many share, but one which, harped on outside the services, is dangerous—to discipline.

It is also an eulogy of the fishermen of the Grand Banks, of the astuteness, the patience, the tenacity, the cool daring of their "Captains Courageous." We have no doubt that the book, tested by these, would prove a marvel of information and accuracy. The daily adventures in calm and gale, the slow apprenticeship to the work, the conversations of the men, the code of Bank-laws, the technical phrases, are explained and described with a patience which, alas! is not contagious. If we had ever been on one of the schooners for a day, no doubt it would delight us to have the life reproduced photographically. But to outsiders it is more instructive than enticing. It all sounds very accurate; much of it is certainly very dull. The "actuality" of Mr. Kipling's former stories was not explained by mere technical correctness; imagination made his facts live;

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* "The Golden Treasury." Selected from the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language, and arranged with Notes. By Francis T. Palgrave. Second Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

* "Captains Courageous. A Story of the Grand Banks." By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations by J. W. Taber. 6s. (Macmillan.)

and imagination is left out here. Indeed, though the book must be the result of much difficult learning and hard experience, it has evidently no pretensions to be anything but a slight affair judged by literary standards. If it incites some lads to throw off the yoke of over-indulgent parents, and hunger after the toils that will make them men, it has hit its only mark.

THE EARTH BREATH.*

"Homeward I go not yet," says A. E. in the dedicatory verses to Mr. W. B. Yeats, and the words point to two landmarks in the evolution of a very individual poet. The little volume of two or three years ago, "Homeward: Songs by the Way," was a manifesto of the one reality, the Spirit Life, a finger-post to the one journey worth making, backward to the Infinite from which we wayfarers have strayed. Very simple, very sincere of utterance, were the songs, very austere of intent.

"Oh, be not led away,
Lured by the colour of the sun-rich day.
The gay romance of song
Unto the spirit life doth not belong.
. . . .
be it thine to win
Rare vistas of white light,
Half-parted lips through which the Infinite
Murmurs her ancient story."

Human ambitions died in this air; human energies were subdued to the tyrannous will of the spirit. Will and thought and hope and love were drowned in their own sources—

"What of all the soul to think?
Someone offered it a cup
Filled with a diviner drink,
And the flame has burned it up."

To this most fervent, simple-minded mystic common hopes and ambitions have not in the interval since he gave us "Homeward" gained in permanent value. Yet the "Earth Breath" is stronger in his words, and the essential meaning of the second book is a humble and loving alliance with his brethren. There was aloofness without scorn in his former attitude; to let his soul dwell on veils and symbols seemed idolatry. Now the symbols have asserted their warm life, and some sacredness of beauty.

"To-day a nearer love I choose,
And seek no distant sphere;
For aureoled by faery dews
The dear brown breasts appear."

This is the extremest expression of the change, more aptly uttered perhaps in "The Garden of God" and in "Love"—

"Ere I loose myself in the vastness and drowse myself with the peace,
While I gaze in the light and the beauty afar from the dim homes of men,
May I still feel the heart-pang and pity, love-ties that I would not release;
May the voices of sorrow appealing call me back to their succour again."

Mystic and philanthropist; the alliance is at a crude stage; but it is loyal and it is possible, as some saints have shown. A. E. will hardly grow into the poet of common joys, the praiser of the actual. But the resolve to take the longer human route homeward that he may be good comrade by the way, will give his voice a farther reach in its heartening call downward to the loiterers in the plain. A. M.

SOME PRIVATE PAPERS OF WILBERFORCE.†

Gleanings after careful editors and biographers are invariably disappointing. The matter here is mostly corroborative. Still, a good part of it, certainly not all, was worth giving to the world. The best things are the letters from Pitt, affectionate and confidential, creditable to both friends. The politician and the religious enthusiast find common ground for talk and thought; the worldling has no gibe, but admiring sympathy, for the man who deemed a period of retirement necessary for the preparation of his soul for public work. Indeed, Wilberforce had a remarkable power of drawing the most various men to him, not by graces or brilliances, but by his transparent honesty and his simple-minded seriousness.

A sketch of Pitt by Wilberforce, written sixteen years after the great statesman's death, is also included. It describes an intimacy closer than that between most brothers; it is a eulogy from beginning to end, and the writer, if not exactly a connoisseur in men, was fearlessly unflattering. As a narrative its one bright spot is where it tells of Pitt, Pitt's brother-in-law, and the philanthropist going to France to learn the language. In Rheims, the town they had chosen, the only person to whom they had an introduction turned out to be a little grocer, amiable, but not of much use socially. However, he kindly mentioned them to the Lieutenant of Police, who spoke of them to the Archbishop, who sent his Grand Vicaire to spy on them politely, with the result that the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer was warranted respectable and allowed to enjoy the society of the neighbourhood!

The last section consists of letters to his children, mainly to Samuel, the future Bishop of Oxford and Winchester. They show the fervent, pure-minded man, but it is doubtful if his private influence was as healthy as his public action. It is not merely that he watches pathetically for the *grand change* in young Samuel, aged nine, but that his perpetual advice is towards self-probing. If his children took his counsels seriously they must have been a little too much interested in themselves for their good. This is a terrible counsel to give to the young: "It used, when I was a bachelor especially, when I often spent my Sundays alone, to be my frequent Sunday habit to number up my blessings, and I assure you it is a most useful practice; *e.g.*, that I had been born in Great Britain, in such a century, such a part of it, such a rank in life, such a class and character of parents, then my personal privileges." If the humble-minded man had not been a saint, how would his nature have stood such ruinous treatment?

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MR. AUSTIN DOBSON.*

All the verses written by Mr. Dobson during the last thirty years which seem to him worthy of preservation have been included in this volume. Not long ago there appeared in our columns an appreciation of his delightful verse from the pen of Mr. Arthur Symons. We need not now repeat that sincere and discriminating eulogy, but we are glad to have the chance of welcoming a book which should do much to put Mr. Dobson in his right place, a high one, among our contemporary poets. The superficial popular judgment has classed him too much with the triflers. An examination of his collected work will show the variety of his fancy, the depth and tenderness of his feelings, the refinement of his wit, and the wholesomeness of his soul. At this hour it is surely needless to dilate on the faultless delicacy of his art. The pretty, the pathetic, the gracefully healthy have their singer in him; he is the poet of dead graces and common living joys, with a tender touch, too, for the sore spots of life. From "Beau Brocade" to "The Sick Man and the Birds" there is a whole gamut, and all the notes between are sounded daintily by Mr. Dobson. The publishers have sent out the book printed in charming type, and with an interesting portrait of the poet.

WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN?

I have spent the whole afternoon reading "Wilt thou have this Woman?" by J. Maclaren Cobban. Having found three or four other new books too dull and pretentious for easy enjoyment, it was quite a relief to come across such a thoroughly readable story. Though there is nothing strikingly original in it, I think it is a good and an even piece of work, and the interest of the plot is sustained to the end. There are some exciting scenes too, such as the crisis at Pierrepont's Bank. There is no attempt at subtle character drawing; all the characters are only lightly thrown on the canvas, and the men are better than the women; but it is a distinct comfort not to be called upon to study subtleties. I heartily recommend this book for light reading, and am much obliged to Mr. Cobban for a pleasant afternoon. I remember years ago reading another of his—"Master of his Fate"—I think in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It bore the same cachet. BEATRICE HARRADEN.

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* "The Earth Breath, and other Poems." By A.E. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

† "Private Papers of William Wilberforce." Collected and Edited, with a Preface, by A. M. Wilberforce. 12s. (Unwin.)

* "Collected Poems." By Austin Dobson. With a portrait. (Kegan Paul.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE TORMENTOR. By Benjamin Swift. 6s. (Unwin.)

"The streams of evil and of good . . . may perhaps best be represented by a series of Plutarchian parallel lines of scoundrels and of saints. I leave the saints to other people." So says Mr. Benjamin Swift. Yet he has not really given us a great scoundrel here; only an idle man playing at being the Faust and Machiavelli of the popular imagination. The result is a kind of Frankenstein. Bristol plays at that, and Mr. Swift plays at observing his Frankenstein with calm, cool philosophy. Both author and author's villain take themselves too seriously, and they break down simultaneously. Bristol, the Tormentor, is suddenly discovered not as a man of superhuman intellect toying with mortals for his fun, but a rather common and very conceited villain in a mess. And Mr. Swift was disappointed in him, too. How to reinstate his conceited villain in dignified scoundreldom evidently stumped him. Hence the last wild scene where he makes the ice swallow him up. Of course the book is unusually clever. It is an interesting experiment for which Mr. Swift's powers—and they are great—are not ripe enough yet. It is needlessly disagreeable. There are passages of great beauty in it, and a few whose pretensions to beauty break down completely. What language do the people talk? There is an attempt at a dialect. Which? Scotticisms, such as "We are wanting away," abound, but the Scots tongue is not employed. The interjectional expressions are original. "Deh, deh!" alternates with "Peh, peh!" and "Och, hoch!" Of course, we don't object to these; indeed, we mean to adopt them for personal use. And we shall wait "The Destroyer," already announced, with eagerness, for the want of reality in this book is far from breaking down our faith in Mr. Swift's uncommon talents.

MARRIETTA'S MARRIAGE. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Heinemann.)

If Mr. Norris had but contrived to make this same spoilt Marrietta interesting or attractive; if she had had the germs of qualities for which it would have been worth her admirers' while to have suffered as they did on her account, we should have been better pleased. We must take the story as he has given it. A restless, querulous, mean-natured, practically clever and pretty woman, born to poverty and a Bohemianism distasteful to her luxury-loving nature, is transported into an atmosphere of ease, wealth and adoration, and is none the happier therefor till she has endangered her honour, made her husband miserable, and been the indirect cause of two grim tragedies. We have no great interest or belief in her alleged reconciliation to life; but we have the highest admiration for the excellent work, both brilliant and close, which Mr. Norris has put into the story. There is a group of vividly conceived characters. There is the breath of real life in the book.

LAWRENCE CLAVERING. By A. E. W. Mason. 6s. (Innes.)

There is some complaint to-day, and not too much, of how historical romance-writers scamp their work, their study of a chosen period and its great figures being of the flimsiest. No such reproach can be cast at Mr. Mason's newest book. The era of the earlier Jacobite troubles has found a close investigator in him. Without ostentation he shows his grip of the facts, and even gives us a hint of what the times felt like to those who were tossed about in their strife. The story is better than its hero, who contrives to be a dull fellow, even when he is courting, making his bed on the bracken, and facing death for honour. That is, he is never personally vivid; but his long struggle with his traitor cousin and rival, his part in the northern rising, his conduct at the trial of Herbert the painter, imprisoned for him, make stirring material for a narrative, which Mr. Mason has written in an excellent style. The light sketches, too, of Bolingbroke and Derwentwater are touched by a skilful hand.

THE SILVER FOX. By Martin Ross and E. Œ. Somerville. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

They don't even write hunting stories in Ireland after the ordinary fashion. These should, according to every orthodox standard, be of an honest crudity of colour, and clamorous with strident laughter calculated to reach the senses after a hard day's riding in the keen air. Now this is a hunting story; horses and hounds seem very real things in the writers' hands, and yet it is a delicate piece of work, quite unfitted to keep a sleepy squire awake. It offers him subtleties and fine tones, and he will only snort indignantly if told the subtleties and delicacies are real things, observed and divined with wonderful accuracy. The audacity does not stop there. The supernatural is introduced, not in the shape of an honest, creditable old family ghost with a clanking chain in the blue-room, either, but of an uncanny slinking fox that heralds misfortune because its lair in the hillside has been disturbed when gravel was wanted for a new railway. We are not quite sure of the success of that fox. The matter for all the calamities was there independent of him. But it is as impressive as, and a good deal less disagreeable than, the yellow dog in "The Carissima." All the rest is excellent. Lady Susan is a fine photograph; she is the kind of woman to be treated by the photographer. Slaney, the dreamer with brains and a tender heart, is exquisitely suggested. Indeed the remarkable thing about this book is its power of delicate and forcible suggestion.

A RETURN TO NATURE. By E. D'Esterre Keeling. 1s. 6d. (Jarrold.)

We have here a pleasant, wholesome story, a little overburdened by its fine-sounding title. The heroine, a Newnham girl, becomes governess for a time in a remote Kentish village. We do not gather that in Cambridge her life had been entirely artificial, and at Ivydene she did nothing more rural than take pleasure in the society of little rustics. A sensible girl at all times, Belgravia and Arcadia were never sharply contrasted in her own life. But what of the title? She found a lover in the country, and if she long treated him with coyness, it comes all right in a very pretty fashion, in the end. Dirck, her little American pupil, whose shrewd and generous mind is not concealed in the fearsome language he speaks, is, as a child, a success—a very rare achievement. The Kentish dialect has a watchful and appreciative student in Miss Keeling.

BRER MORTAL. By Ben Marlas. Illustrated by M. Zangwill. 5s. (Unwin.)

A dull reviewer's explanation should not frighten away readers from this story. For it is a story, one which we feel sure a thoughtful child would linger and ponder over without resenting the lessons it half conceals in its lively outer shell of narrative. It is a fairy-tale of the life of man; it is evolution, psychic as well as physical, made as plain as it can be to inquiring youth. There is much metaphysical stuff in it, but there are also adventures, and the fight of Brer Mortal with Old Fact is one of the best. The book is a clever achievement; better, it is a sympathetic revelation of how an idealist can speak his gospel to children.

UNKIST, UNKIND! By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Miss Hunt has journeyed a long way from the air of "A Hard Woman" and "The Way of Marriage." Frankly, we hope she has only gone for a holiday outing, to refresh herself after the company of the highly sophisticated modern women she was born to analyse and depict. All is old world here, and uncanny, and, we must add, theatrical. There are too many skulls and skeletons about. There is good material for a dark romantic story, but the shadows are too black, and the colours too lurid. The background is the wild heath country of Northumberland, but we seem to see it by limelights. Sibella, the learned young secretary of Sir Anthony, despising all that is vain and worldly and modern, spending her days gladly among the dead, and most humanly in love with her master, should be a pathetic figure. But she is merely a child solemnly playing with chartularies and poisons and daggers instead of dolls. We cannot take her seriously while she insists so much on her picturesque witch properties. There is a great deal of good writing in "Unkist, Unkind!" but it would have been a cleverer book if it had ended in a farce instead of a murder.

HIS FAULT OR HERS? By the Author of "A High Little World." 6s. (Bentley.)

A little Methodist, Achsa Mary—so was she quaintly named—was born to live amongst pretty things, to be adored and spoilt, and was never abashed when her prettiness brought her admirers of high degree. We really believe in her charms and fascinations, wherein we pay the highest compliment we know to the writer of the story. Her manners were very "coming-on," so much so that we cannot positively answer the question in the title, save to urge that while she was a child in years, the squire was forty. The end was a common enough tragedy, but the wild grief and the beautiful charity of her father, clothier and preacher, who had lovingly stretched many a rule of the "society" to give brightness to his darling's life, is not commonly told. So charmingly does the writer tell the first hours of the love-story that it grieves us unspeakably the day of this romance should go down in mourning.

THE MAKING OF A PRIG. By Evelyn Sharp. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

She wasn't a prig, judged by any definition we have ever understood. Even Miss Sharp's elaborate treatise on prigdom doesn't convince us. She was an emotional, unconventional, somewhat insolent, rather poor-spirited, but lively-mannered young modern woman, obviously quite unfit to live a day alone without being overtaken by blackest misery, who pursued a conceited, unattractive young man with childlike frankness for years, refused him when her chance came, and then relented, of course. It is all very natural and ordinary. The best part of it is certainly the lovers' quarrelling, which is well done. The next best is the photograph of the slangy, utterly commonplace, good-hearted Ted. His language is indescribably barbaric; and we fear it is correctly reported. There is no other very striking portrait in the book. Aunt Esther and Mrs. Keeley are caricatures. Paul is represented by a veil which hides something—god or bully. Katharine, as the young woman who does not know what she wants, who is always attempting sacrifices she would not have the strength to carry out, is cleverly suggested. Indeed the whole story is unmistakably clever, but just a trifle aimless.

WOLFVILLE. By Alfred H. Lewis (Dan Quin). Illustrated by F. Remington. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

The components of Mr. Lewis's humour may be frowned on by your precisian in fun. They are a plentiful supply of malaprops, a habit of ingenious circumlocution, some very imaginative strong language, and a general atmosphere of solemn topsy-turveydom. The result comes out all right. But it is quite foreign humour, for we are terribly slow in the adoption of American mental processes. Mr. Jacob's comes nearest to it in quality and tone. In a true English reader it can hardly produce a guffaw; but it brings on a hard, steady grin, and a puckering of the eyebrows. It has something of the laborious quality of Scottish (eastern counties) humour. But here, in case this analysis sounds forbidding, we stop it to say that Wolfville is a western mining community, full of personages more varied in angularities and character knots than Bret Harte's gallery, but like his in their passions and generous virtues. Cherokee Hall, Texas Thompson, Doc Peets are great men, and like all barbarians of fine stock have an inexhaustible flow of rhetoric. When Cherokee sees off old Wilkins's girl to the States, he does not merely wring her hand and ask her if her ticket is safe, as an English lord would do. Emotions don't choke such eloquence as his. "Now, you remember, shore; whatever game's bein' turned back thar, if it goes ag'in you, raise the long yell for a sharp called Cherokee Hall! an' his bank's yours to go behind your play." The Old Cattleman tells his tale in a terrible lingo, but we can stand having to scrape through the daubs of local colour, for the sake of the fun behind—a little difficult in its appeal, yet perfectly genuine.

A SPANISH MAID. By I. Quiller-Couch. 3s. 6d. (Service and Paton.)

The evil genius of the story, the Spanish gipsy maid saved on the Cornish coast and kindly treated by the simple villagers, is a trifle stagy, but her staginess is very picturesque and effective, and we can hardly wish it away. Her benefactors and their friends in Landecarrock are, on the other hand, perfectly natural and lifelike, and draw our affections to them inevitably. Young squire, parson, fisherman, servant maid, all are made real and companionable people, for whose sake we hate the handsome invader, and refuse altogether to succumb to her charms. The end might be improved dramatically, but as it makes Landecarrock comfortable again, we do not quarrel with it. Miss Quiller-Couch's talent is undoubted, and it is maturing fast.

THE FREEDOM OF HENRY MEREDYTH. By M. Hamilton. 6s. (Heinemann.)

His freedom was not much to boast of. He divorced his wife, and would have rather liked to marry an old love, a sensible, middle-aged, philanthropic woman. But he was impecunious, lazy, weak of will—a dull dog, we insist, though Miss Hamilton would have us believe otherwise—and his divorced wife turns up to protest, backed by his eldest daughter, a vicious-tempered, obstinate, wrong-headed, pretty young person. So things are left there. Perhaps Meredyth became the Earl; we hope he didn't. Perhaps the shrewish Viva married the good-natured young Jew; we hope he was saved from such a fate. Perhaps a Socialist bishop turned up to console the middle-aged Alison. We invent this last possibility, for, though rather stodgy, she is the only person worth a second thought in this aimless story. We have read much better work from Miss Hamilton's hand.

A NOVEL IN RHYME. By Allen Upward. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The novel-reader may say this doesn't make much of a story, after all the two hundred and fifty pages of rhyming, and judge it a failure accordingly. Translated into plain prose it could be summarised in a short paragraph, and it would be difficult to spin it out into many pages even were all its shades of feeling expressed. But it is not for that a failure. The novel in verse obeys different laws, and Mr. Upward by his interesting experiment has forced us to examine them anew. He seems to have chosen fitting material—few incidents, and these primitive, passionate, uncomplicated; few characters, and each with a clear part to play, even if, like the woman here, that part be insignificant. All the interest is derived from the stress of feeling. Feeling is everywhere given predominance; and there is no effort after subtlety, or the play of wit, or the perpetual criss-cross pattern of trivial circumstance. A lover is betrayed; he discovers his successful rival in his happiness; kills him; is caught; tried, makes his defence (the verbatim report of which versified is the novel), appealing to the simple and the true in human instincts against worldly guile; and takes poison to defy the cruel judgment of the law. There is little more. What impressiveness it has comes from the man's inexhaustible belief in the rights of sincere love, in his passionate arraignment of the world on counts, old and banal, but everlastingly true, most of all from his simple-mindedness. There is not a line in the whole that is not commonplace. Poetry is made of the commonplace. True, but poetry transmutes the common into the universal, and here we have a plain narrative dignified by simplicity, not glorified by poetry. For this method of novel-writing we may argue: the flow of strong emotion will utter itself more congruously in rhyme; against: your subjects, the size of your canvas, and your lights are rigidly limited—though not so rigidly as Mr. Upward has deemed necessary. "Aurora Leigh" has more play and variety in it. He might have cut out a bit of the appeal to the jury, where he lays his heart and opinions dangerously bare to ridicule, to make room for the woman's story, and the murdered man's, "Ring and the Book" fashion. But then a more complicated idea, unless it can be flashed quickly by the splendid ellipsis of pure poetry, always suggests prose as its convenient medium. The careful and earnest rhetorical verse is pleasant to read. We admit its power to utter more impressively than anything save the best prose, a very simple man's story; and we see, too, its inconveniences for writing the usual chapters of the world's history, which are not at all simple.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MR. ENDYMION PORTER. By Dorothea Townshend. With Portraits. 12s. (Unwin.)

Charles the First's most faithful courtier played a minor but a very constant part in the history and politics of his time. He was no politician by temperament, but a courtly and accomplished gentleman, sympathetic to the fastidious king, whose fortunes he followed in good and ill, and for whom he wandered in exile and died at last a bankrupt. He had been employed on several diplomatic missions, notably on that connected with the Spanish Marriage scheme; and he was Charles's only companion on that May morning when the Prince, resolving to break through the Oriental etiquette of Madrid and speak with the Infanta in private, sprang down on her from a high orchard wall—all in vain, for the young lady had no pluck and a constant guardian. For the rest, besides a trusty courtier, Porter was the patron of letters and art, which he loved with more ardour than did most English gentlemen of his time as hearty and jovial as he. But his present biographer thinks he shows in the most interesting light as a domestic man, and especially as the lover of his wife. She is right. He was no commanding force on the Royalist side, and he was no intriguer. But he wrote beautiful love-letters. At first he seems to protest too much, but we learn gradually with whom he had to deal. An exacting, jealous, rather fractious lady was his Olive—possibly charming, for she kept fast the affections of an imaginative, warm-blooded man. She wrote him "swaggering" letters, was ever doubting his faithfulness during his absence at court, and being astonished when he resented her attacks or sulkings. A handsome woman, of the Henrietta Maria type to look at, she seems to have been, with a managing head and a stiff will. But her Endymion never grew careless of her need of pretty letters, and a true heart shows through the conscious good style of them. The book has all the fascination of a first-rate novel.

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS. By Henry B. Wheatley. 10s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

The new volume of the Connoisseur Series—which has a very competent editor in Mr. Gleeson White—is, to the general, the most interesting one that has appeared. Mr. Wheatley says he has only scratched the surface of the subject, but he has led the way to a serious study, classification, and annotation of works that appeal to us strongly from two sides, as art and as biography. Scattered as these pictures are about the country in public and private galleries, it is almost impossible for us at present to reckon up our national wealth in them. Something is being done to induce private owners to catalogue their treasures, and a book like Mr. Wheatley's will give a spur to their energies. It is frankly popular, quite rightly so at this stage. The notes on the painters and the sitters are very readable, contain much curious miscellaneous information of a desultory kind, and intelligent if not authoritative judgment. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen. About their reproduction—it should have been better: the book is too cheap doubtless to admit of it. But the frontispiece, the portrait of Claverhouse, has been finely treated; of itself it should prove incitement enough to purchasers.

RAMPOLLI: Growths from a Long-Planted Root. Being Translations, new and old, chiefly from the German. Along with A Year's Diary of an Old Soul. By George Macdonald. 6s. (Longmans, Green.)

"I think every man who can should help his people to inherit the earth by bringing into his own of the wealth of other tongues." So Dr. Macdonald in his Preface. The translations are unusually good, not merely because they have been made by a true poet, but because they have been made with so much faithful respect to the originals. Those from Heine, except the *Nordsee*, we except from this praise, but the Novalis and Schiller songs have the real taste and grace of the original in his versions. The whole of Luther's Song-book has been translated, and the result is very interesting. The original poem, in twelve sections, corresponding to the months of the year, with its pure religious fervour, its spiritual refinement, and its frequent vagueness, is characteristic of the writer. It wants the artistic simplicity of the best of his shorter lyrics, but his admirers must feel it to be a beautiful record of religious experience.

CERTAIN PERSONAL MATTERS. By H. G. Wells. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

Mr. Wells has the lightest hand for touching and adorning common matters so that we wake up and look at them anew with a genial smile. His "Conversations with an Uncle" delighted us by their freshness and whimsicality. The new set of papers are as bright and witty, and a good deal more varied. They hover on the edge of the farcical, but keep just above it; if they indulge, for a flash, in a serious thought or a sentiment, they gracefully apologise and keep their promise of fun all the rest of the time. As a reader who opens the book at "Cheapness and my Aunt Charlotte" will certainly not put it down till he has finished "How I Died," there is little use in making a list of the best papers. But "The Literary Regimen," "The Amateur Nature-Lover," and "The Writing of Essays," cry to us to say they are specially good. Mr. Wells has certainly mastered his own theory that an essay, like a dog, should have a lively tail, short but waggish.

SLEEP: Its Physiology, Pathology, Hygiene, and Psychology. By Marie de Manaceïne. Contemporary Science Series. 3s. (W. Scott.)

From the practical point of view there are many useful suggestions here on the subject of insomnia, and on the amount of sleep necessary for adults and children, by no means repetitions of ordinary opinions, but the results of fresh and numerous experiments conducted by experts. Some of the advice is so novel that it must provoke examination and still further experiment; but there is an air of common sense about it all. An excellent bibliography for the serious inquirer will be found at the end of each section. To the psychology of the matter Madame de Manaceïne devotes an interesting chapter. The questions that are suggested by dreams may be said to be all started, and her brief treatise is therefore an excellent beginning for the examination of a subject of first-rate importance to brain specialists and to all inquirers into the almost unexplored subject of the workings of the imagination.

SOME ANGLO-INDIAN BOOKS: "A Servant of 'John Company.'" By H. G. Keene. Illustrated by W. Simpson, R.I. 12s.; "Lays of Ind." By Aliph Chim. Tenth Edition. Illustrated. 6s.; "Behind the Bungalow," "The Tribes on my Frontier," "A Naturalist on the Prowl." Illustrated. Sixth, sixth, and second editions. 6s. each. (Thacker.)

Mr. Keene's recollections of his official days in India are excellent reading. The vagueness and the dryness of the ordinary Anglo-Indian book of reminiscences are entirely absent from them. He must have lived a great deal during his Indian career, which is a remarkable record of hard work diversified by travel, danger, and the enjoyment an observant man gets out of watching closely the contact of two civilisations. The chapter on the decay of duelling is motive enough for ordering the book; and the tale of the Mutiny is no mere repetition but a very personal impression. In the Appendix will be found a generous and able survey of the present condition of India. Officialdom has evidently not blinded the eyes of Mr. Keene.

Anglo-Indians, to whom all the jokes are presumably familiar, may be the exclusive audience of the "Lays of Ind," but the remaining three books are of wide general interest. We have learnt a vast amount about the domestic economy of Indian life from "Behind the Bungalow"; and "A Naturalist on the Prowl" contains the pleasantest possible papers on living creatures in India, and may be recommended safely to the notice of old and young.

LAYS OF THE RED BRANCH. By Sir Samuel Ferguson. (Unwin.)

Lady Ferguson writes a very interesting popular introduction to this selection from her late husband's historical and legendary poems. Now that some curiosity about Celtic things is sincerely felt, Ferguson's chance should come. For English readers there are few retellers of the old lore so attractive as he. Mr. W. B. Yeats, the best of critics on Irish matters, has called his "Welshmen of Tirawley" the best Irish ballad, and his "Conary" the best Irish poem of any kind. One may regard "Conary" with enthusiasm without endorsing that, but of Ferguson's "ample imagination" and "epic aim" there is splendid proof in these selections.

THE AGE OF TENNYSON. By Hugh Walker. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

Professor Walker has written a useful little handbook. Judging by what it contains and what it omits, by the criticisms on the separate writers and its remarks on the trend of the times, it must be pronounced intelligent, cultivated, and, from a teacher's point of view, practical. Before now, in his "Victorian Poets," he has shown a detailed knowledge of a part of the subject. Perhaps one might easily find fault with a few omissions from the Chronological Table at the end, and where there are so many brief judgments some must be easily controverted. Lord de Tabley would probably not have done greater work if popularly received—he might have done more. Coventry Patmore's "Unknown Eros" demands much weightier criticism than has been given to it. Miss Menella Bute Smedley hardly earned a place in a book that apparently omits Beddoes, save by a reference in the table at the end. But spots like these hardly alter the value to teachers and pupils or ordinary readers of so convenient and so accurate a survey.

STORIES OF FAMOUS SONGS. By S. J. A. Fitzgerald. 7s. 6d. (Nimmo.)

This is admirable compiling. First, the history of popular songs has never been dealt with before, save in a fragmentary fashion; and, secondly, songs, the best ones, always have a history; they are the expression of emotion personal or national or secular, at its highest, sincerest point; and the circumstances and authorship of such vital words are worth knowing. There is no padding in the book; there is a good deal of controversy, for the authorship of many songs is doubtful. Mr. Fitzgerald has searched widely and sifted evidence with care. He lets Carey have the merit of the National Anthem, and gives the "Marseillaise" back to Rouget de l'Isle, like a sensible man, and one who has read history with a memory for dates. English, Irish, Scottish, and many Continental songs are examined and accounted for in a reliable and a very pleasant fashion. It is a full book, and we do not loudly complain of omissions where there is so much. But, surely, at this hour of the day "God save Ireland," with its accompanying story of the Manchester martyrs, might be mentioned, and with sympathy. And the inclusion of "Fratelli d'Italia" would have been an opportunity of telling to English readers the touching story of young Mameli.

LONDON SIGNS AND INSCRIPTIONS. By Philip Norman F.S.A. With Introduction by H. B. Wheatley. (Stock.)

Under Mr. Norman's guidance one could take endless delightful walks in Old London, and learn about a good many more things than signs and inscriptions, among others the histories of trades, of great commercial houses, the stubborn life of old beliefs and symbols, and the condition of domestic and applied art generally, at various epochs. Besides, his subject gives him an opportunity of telling many an old city story and legend. He is not of the dryasdust order of antiquary, and the pictures show him to be an excellent artist. This is one of the most readable volumes of the valuable Antiquary's Library.

LETTERS AND OTHER UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. (Bentley.)

APHORISMS FROM LANDOR. Edited by R. B. Johnson. (G. Allen.)

The editor of the first book owns a desk of cedar-wood which belonged to Landor, and which contains some relics and MSS. Of these the most interesting is certainly a lock of Rose Aylmer's hair, the next some letters to her niece, young Rose Paynter, which have characteristic charm and energy. One of these tells some additional malaprops of the famed Miss Caldwell, of whom Hayward reported that she said she "had been to see the house where Ariosto lived with the widow of Charles the First." *Fauciullesca fresca, fresca,* Landor calls her, with reference to her mention of his "Periwinkle and Asparagus." An unpublished "Imaginary Conversation" between Savonarola and the Prior of San Marco has been unearthed—an Italian version was printed for the benefit of Garibaldi's wounded soldiers in 1860—but it is uninteresting. So are all the poems given here. Some reminiscences extracted from other books and from private sources help to give the book a reason for its being which it almost escapes having, and show Mr. Wheeler to have read widely and searched eagerly for Landor lore.

Mr. Brimley Johnson's selection makes a delightful book for the odd moments that are not idle ones. Landor thought much and vigorously, if sometimes wrong-headedly. His sayings, whether they represent his own feelings or endeavour to utter those of the characters in his dialogues, are bright, suggestive, stimulating. He has found a sympathetic editor. And the binders have done their part with excellent taste.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD, and their Influence on English Education. By Sir Joshua Fitch. Great Educators Series. 5s. (Heinemann.)

There is a good deal that is trite about this summary of the Arnolds' work in education. But the aims and results of Matthew's efforts have been less often considered, and there is still room for any statement of them which is at all accurate. Why the father's and son's work should have been dealt with together we do not see even after reading the volume. To be told that "both attached high value to religious and moral training," thought "conduct was three-fourths of life," and agreed on some other general grounds, is useless. All good schoolmasters hold such views. Far too much of the book is taken up with a consideration of the younger Arnold's literary position, and with quotations from his poems. The best portion seems to us the chapter on his work as an officer of the Education Department, which contains new material. Around all the rest there is too much padding, or unbusinesslike talk, which comes to the same thing.

A MANUAL OF ETHICS. By John I. Mackenzie, M.A., Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire. Third Edition. The University Tutorial Series. (W. B. Clive.)

Attention should be called to the issue of a third edition of Mr. Mackenzie's "Manual of Ethics." Those who have used the former editions will testify that they have never consulted them in vain. Mr. Mackenzie is always animated and keenly intelligent, always in touch with life, fully informed, and thoroughly independent. It would be difficult to find any more satisfactory treatment of the Freedom of the Will, or of Hedonism, or of the Scope of Ethics than his. That a third edition should have been called for was only to be expected. It is about one-fourth larger than the first, and contains a fuller account of the development of the moral life and of the moral judgment. As the book has effectually established itself as a text-book, it may not be amiss to say that, unlike some text-books, it is so attractively written as to deserve a much wider circulation than that of the class-room. Anyone who likes serious reading or is interested in the problems of character, life, and conduct will find Mr. Mackenzie's volume quite to his mind.

POEMS. By the late John Lucas Tupper. Selected and Edited by W. M. Rossetti. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Dissociate these entirely from Proverbial Philosophy. Between John and Martin there may have been an eleventh cousinship; between their verse there is not even that. John Lucas Tupper was one of the less known Pre-raphaelite brothers: an unambitious, delicate-souled, unobtrusive man, with real poetic inspiration in him. To collect some of his poems was not merely worth doing as an act of pious memory; collected, they are good to read, in an hour when one has time to spend over what is pure, sensitive, and fragile. In his "Wind-Notes" he shows real lyrical power, and his words have a peculiarly soft charm.

> "Thou art to me a sound of bells
> At night—a moment of the night
> When winds lift sound away."

But Dante Rossetti, with his usual keen scent for the best in poetry, said "Eden after Sixty Centuries" was his triumph. A garden sleeping, not dying, is painted in this poem, which is a masterpiece of melancholy grace.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" has been issued by Messrs. Constable as the first volume of their new popular six shilling edition of Mr. Meredith's works. The handsome red binding is certainly much more attractive than the old blue one; the paper and type are excellent, and, indeed, in every way the issue is a good second best to the luxurious limited edition recently published. In only one thing is this first volume disappointing, in its very commonplace photogravure frontispiece. Messrs. Bell and Sons have sent us a charming Keats, the first of the Endymion Series, not complete, but nearly so, and containing all the best things. Mr. Anning Bell has illustrated and decorated it in delightful style, and Professor Raleigh has written an introduction which is worth reading. It should be a favourite gift-book this season. The first volumes of both Mr. Nimmo's and Messrs. Dent's "Spectator" are out, both edited with scholarly care, by Mr. G. A. Aitken and Mr. G. G. Smith respectively. The first is a very handsome library edition, to be completed in eight volumes, with portraits and vignettes admirably reproduced. The other is smaller, daintier, but by no means frivolously attired; and its type is such as to make us proud of our English printers. The Temple "Waverley" is out in two delicious little volumes. Other publishers of Scott must feel nervous. Mr. C. K. Shorter's bibliographical introduction is distinctly useful. But Mr. Nimmo's cheaper reprint of the Illustrated Border Edition, edited by Mr. Lang, will find itself appreciated, as it well deserves. Messrs. Service and Paton's issues of classic modern novels, with their charming illustrations, have already won merited favour. Their two series and Messrs. Macmillan's Standard Novel library run each other hard for cheapness and tastefulness.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

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Baring-Gould, S.—Lives of the Saints, vols. 7 and 8, 5/- each net
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Bennett, W. H.—A Primer of the Bible, 2/6..........Methuen
Besant, A.—The Ancient Wisdom, an Outline of Theosophical Teaching, 5/- net..........Theos. Pub. Soc.
Bruce, A. B.—The Providential Order of the World, 7/6
Hodder & Stoughton

[*Gifford lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow this year.*]

Cambridge Bible for Schools, The. The First Book of Maccabees, edited by W. Fairweather and S. Black, 3/6
Cambridge Press

[*Useful at once to the theological student and the serious reader of the Bible. The notes are exceedingly interesting, and are careful summaries of the best research.*]

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Holy Bible, The. With Introduction by J. W. Mackail, vol. 1., Genesis to Numbers, 5/-..........Macmillan

[*Mr. Mackail treats the text with great reverence, but recognising that the received arrangement, punctuation, paragraphing, spelling, and methods of references to notes are hindrances to readers, he is now presenting it afresh "cleared of some superficial encumbrances, as one might brush away from some great picture the dust that has gathered on its surface in the long passage of the years."*]

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[*See p.* 45.]
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Studia Sinaitica, No. 6, A Palestinian Syriac Lectionary, edited by A. S. Lewis, with Critical Notes by Professor E. Nestle, and a Glossary by M. D. Gibson, 12/6..Cambridge Press

[*The text has been copied from a MS., containing lessons from the Pentateuch, Job, Proverbs, Prophets, Acts, and Epistles, picked up by Mrs. Lewis in Cairo. She conceives it to be a lectionary used by the Malkite branch of the Syrian Church, and probably older than any of the Gospel Lectionaries now extant.*]

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[*See p.* 45.]

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